

FACTSHEET FIVE

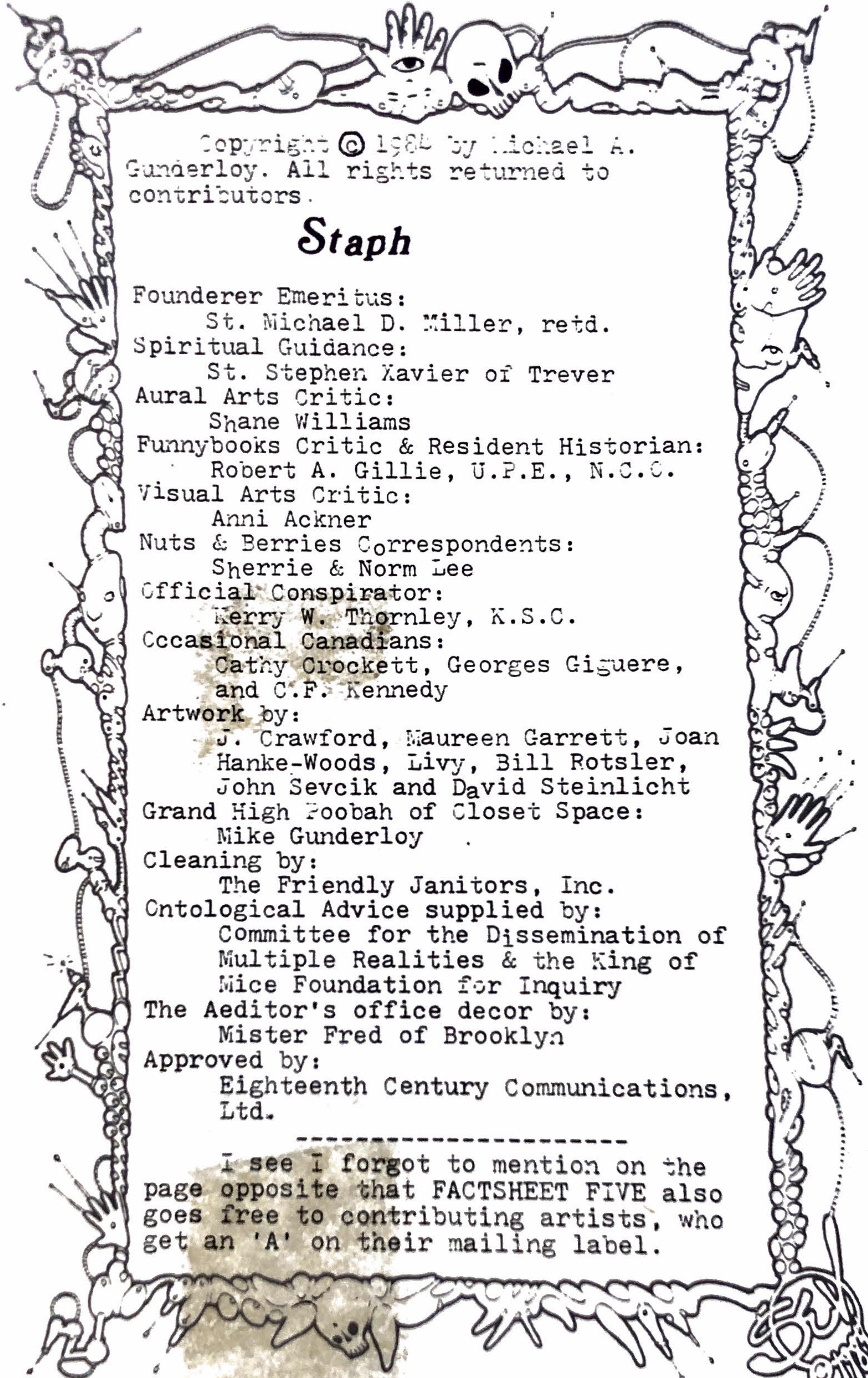
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Abstract



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Staph

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I see I forgot to mention on the
page opposite that FACTSHEET FIVE also
goes free to contributing artists, who
get an 'A' on their mailing label.

FACTSHEET FIVE is published four times a year, appearing in the bulk mail on or about the first of February, May, August and November. Deadlines are the twentieth of the preceeding months. All unsolicited manuscripts are welcome with the exception of plays, poetry, fiction, TV scripts, and the like, and book and fanzine reviews, which I reserve for myself, but I am in the market for short articles of interest to FF readers.

If you want to talk to a columnist, just send them a letter c/o me and I'll be happy to forward it to them.

FACTSHEET FIVE is always free to prisoners.

FACTSHEET FIVE prefers to make ad space available on a trade basis: I'll publish yours if you'll publish mine. However, I will sell ads to those lunatics who are really interested: \$5 for $\frac{1}{4}$ page, \$10 for $\frac{1}{2}$ page, \$15 for a full page, subject to change without notice.

ARTISTS: I'm desperate for more art. I know there are some of you on my mailing list who haven't come up with anything for me yet. Do so at once or I shall send a polar bear over to your house for lunch.

Speaking of which, I could use some essays for the Canadian Corner column (not appearing in this issue) by any interested Canadians.

FACTSHEET FIVE

Hello, it's me again. This is still the zine of crosscurrents and crosspollination, and as usual it's published by Mike Gunderloy, who lives at Superlative Manor, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155, and who answers the phone at (617)-391-3496. This is Pretzel Press publication #532, and is intended for direct mailing to all the Good Folks. Press run: 300 copies. 11th issue. (K) All rites reversed.

On occasion there are some consistencies in life, and this quarter the layout of FACTSHEET FIVE is one of them. The smaller margins don't seem to have made the zine any less readable, and they do make it slightly more affordable, but only in the sense that a luxury car is more affordable than a private jet.

No doubt some of you were confused that none of the little boxes were checked on the "Why you got this" list last issue. The explanation is actually pretty simple. I typed that page before getting the bulk mailing permit. As it happens, making checkmarks would require the whole thing to be mailed at First Class rates if I got caught, and I decided not to take the chance.

So instead of little boxes to check, your mailing label is now coded to indicate the status of your subscription. Here's the key:

A number indicates the last issue on your subscription. So if the number "11" appears after your name it's time to send me more money. If the number is 11 and you don't know why you got this, it means that I got your name from some other source and wonder if you would like to subscribe.

"+" indicates that you've got nothing to worry about, either because you're a staph member, because you won a contest, or because I just like you a lot.

"P" indicates that, as far as I know, you're in the slammer (or, as it's referred to in left-wing circles, "a prisoner of the State") and that your subscription is therefore free.

"T" indicates that I think we're trading zines, all-for-all. This means that even though I publish quarterly I expect every issue of your monthly zine. If there's a number before the "T", it means that for some reason our trade expires with that issue and you'll have to renegotiate.

The income of FF remains barely marginal. I'm a starving student, as the expression goes, and printing ain't cheap. For the moment, the price will stay the same: \$1.50 in cash or check or \$1.20 in US postage stamps per issue. A single sample issue is still \$1.00, but if you send me \$1.00 for a second issue, don't expect to get anything. If I don't get in a bit more money this quarter than I did last quarter, the price will be going up.

Which means, of course, that this is an ideal time to subscribe to FF. I don't discount subscriptions but it does protect you from price increases. Don't subscribe for more than four issues, since I refuse to guarantee continued publication for more than a year. Anything over \$6.00 in cash or \$4.80 in stamps will be considered a much-needed contribution. Thanks to Bob Gillie and J.C. Brainbeau for their support this issue.

In lieu of sending money, stamps, or your own fanzine, you can also stay on the mailing list by sending me something to review that I haven't seen before, dangerous drugs, negotiable securities, or canned goods. The number of issues you'll get for such will be determined by the monetary and amusement value of the item sent.

What will NOT work is sending too little money, begging, letters of comment, and non-credible threats.

I continue to be in the market for short (less than one page) articles on offbeat topics. I'm not in the market for more staph writers -- except that the Canadian Corner could use some new blood -- and especially not in the market for movie, book, magazine, fanzine or comics reviews.

Updates to the last issue: Emery Beverlin, prisoner in need of letters, has been moved to 07019-218, PO Box 1500 CHB, El Reno, OK 73036. The DUPLEX PLANET has moved to PO Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866. THE WHOLE SHEER has moved to PO Box 7742, Salt Lake City, UT 84107.

Two excellent zines have also folded in the last quarter: both THE SPARK and THUDPUCKER are out of business. The former was one of the best anarchist zines to come down the pike in the last few years, and the latter was Ron Ahrens' experiment with strange and wonderful literary forms. I'll miss them both.

See y'all in November, I hope. Enjoy the summer while you can.

Mike



THE BEST

Before getting into the actual reviews, I'd like to present a minor complaint from Bert: "The one-dimensional two-pigeonholed "best-the rest" ratings aren't very helpful. We'd rather an alphabetical order for easy reference and various letter/number ratings for qualities such as info content, source leads, clarity of writing, artistic qualities, etc."

I might consider alphabetical order in the future, though it's

not a strong possibility as long as I'm doing this by hand rather than by word processor. As for numerical ratings, I'm turned off by them myself. FF is subjective because I figure subjective ratings are the best way to attempt to get across the qualities (good or bad) that lie at the core of any given zine. Anyone else care to comment on this?

BRUNT Vol. II #1 (\$2.50 from Libre School, PO Box 0, Farisita, CO 81037): These people come out of the middle nowhere with a rude, crude and offensive magazine and expect me to like it. Well, they win. With a lead article all about cattle mutilators, coverage of all the grossest news, and a medical columnist who thinks everyone has cancer, I think they've got a winning combination -- IF they can find enough non-squeamish readers. They've certainly got my subscription.

HARVEST, Summer 1984 (\$10/year from PO Box 228, S. Framingham, MA 01701): Harvest is a friendly little pagan zine that manages to impart a lot of information with little or no nastiness directed at those who differ in opinions. Besides lots of information on festivals and other publications, this issue also contains a list of places that will sell you live herbs, a ritual for peace, and some thoughts on meditation. The writers don't try to pretend to authority, but they manage to share a lot of valuable info on the Craft.

HIGH FRONTIERS, Premier Issue (\$2 from PO Box 1551, Mill Valley, CA 94942): A new journal dedicated to making psychedelics socially acceptable and to exploring the usual new age/bizarre spectrum of things, this issue is mainly composed of interviews with Tim Leary, Albert Hoffman, Jack Sarfatti, Terence McKenna and Andrew Weil. The information presented is, as far as I can tell, reasonably safe and well-stated. This looks like it could be the start of something good.

HOLIER THAN THOU XIX (Sample \$2 or trade from Marty and Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., N. Hollywood, CA 91606-1703): This is an SF fanzine. The typical SF fanzine is a near-illegible collection of dittoed or mimeographed pages containing mainly stuff written by the editor: you know, the way FF used to be. This is not a typical fanzine. Marty and Robbie preset 100 pages of impeccable mimeography, with 8 major articles and 35 pages of letters of comment. The editorial policy is biased in favor of putridity, which is loosely defined as anything that might gross out some readers, but the offerings run the gamut from fan history to communist subversion. This zine is up for the Hugo award, and it's not hard to see why. If you're only going to try one SF zine, make it HTT.

THE CALLIGRAPHIC BUTTON CATALOGUE RETURNS (SASE from Nancy Lebovitz, 400 Wollaston Ave. C6, Newark, DE 19711): Nancy makes buttons that are as far off the beaten track as are the fanzines I review: "Pound for pound, the amoeba is the most vicious animal on earth" "Support free trade--smuggle!" "Veteran of the Bermuda Triangle Expeditionary Force 1990-1951" and "Go Lemmings Go!" are a few of my favorites. Her prices are quite reasonable as well, ranging from \$1.50 each down to 50¢ each for large bulk orders.

SPARE CHANGE (\$1 from 2981 Lookout Place NE, Atlanta, GA 30305): It's tough to describe SPARE CHANGE because every copy is personalized by a special agent trained in the arts of conspiracy and mindfuck. But if you get lucky you might find: "The Nine Secrets of Mind Poisoning at a Distance", xeroxes of a crushed Budweiser can, a serialized book dealing with Lee Harvey Oswald and his shifty acquaintances, very strange posters, or even an ad for this fanzine. Recommended for all neophiliacs.

THE MOLE, May 1984 (\$2.50 from PO Box 43403, Washington, DC 20010): This is a slick little magazine devoted to satirizing the nation's capital. It features such gems as Sanda Day's secret diary, modern press coverage of the first Easter, NO MONEY ("the Magazine of Downward Mobility", and the first topless pictures ever published of Brooke Shields. Sometimes they miss the mark, but on the whole they do an excellent job of making politicians look stupid, in a refined, tasteless sort of way.

MESSAGE POST #15 (Sample \$1 from POB 190, Philomath, OR 97370): This is the newsletter of "portable dwelling and long camping", or in other words, getting away from it all for months at a time. The writers run the gamut from city-dwellers who wish they were elsewhere, to log-cabin types and folks who manage six months with only a backpack. Each issue is full of tips and hints that can help the camper and homesteader alike, as well as lots of product and fanzine reviews. If living lightly sounds interesting to you, MP is the best place to start investigating.

JIM #2 (\$1.50 from PO Box 10075, Glendale, CA 91202): Strange and surrealistic drawings backed up by strange and surrealistic writings, or perhaps the other way around. The pictures remind me vaguely of Dali, Bosch, or the things I see when I eat a peanut-butter-and-pastrami sandwich just before bedtime. This issue also contains micro-reduced fan letters and an assortment of novelties for sale, including a "Bonsai Snuff Party" documentary and a hand-whittled snail and slug call.

WIGGANSNATCH #8 (\$1 from James Moore, 701 31st Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98144): Claiming to be "slouching towards no-bullshit neopaganism", the erstwhile Laughing Otter has at last revealed his mundane name and, for some reason, printed the Ace Double version of WIGGANSNATCH, with half of the pages upside-down. Jim/Otter's writers seem to have more connection with the Discordian tradition than with the Garnerian, which is to say that they don't pay much attention to tradition at all. Much of WS is devoted to exploring the undiscovered energies within ourselves, and the rest to making fun of things. It's a nice mix.

URGL-ORP #7 (75¢ & 75¢ postage from Nicole, 36-2300 Ogilvie Rd., Gloucester, Ont. K1J 7X8 CANADA): This is a punk rock zine, with the usual band interviews and record and tape reviews, but it also has one thing a lot of other punk zines are missing: a sense of, for want of a better word, social conscience. Sometimes it seems like most punkzines don't understand the impact of the lyrics in their music. URGL-ORP wades into the arenas of feminism, vegetarianism, anti-vivisection and other similar topics, showing a freedom-oriented viewpoint and a deep ethic. The music comes first but it's not the only thing discussed in this zine.

AND THE REST

SHAVERTON #20 (\$9/year from PO Box 1708, San Anselmo, CA 94960): This is, as far as I know, the only fanzine dedicated to keeping alive and exploring the Shaver Mystery. The Mysetery is sort of a set of interlocking ideas not accepted by most people, from the Hollow Earth to writings inside of rocks to the secret base on Mars to...well, you get the idea. The production is very well done, and some of this stuff is even plausible. Guaranteed to stretch your mind, assuming that you have one.

P.O.R.T. Vol. 1 #2 (? from 1874 Farview Ave. B, Berkeley, CA 94703); The name stands for "Provocateur Of Random Thought", which tells you as much as I know about it. Contains interviews with a couple of musicians, music reviews, and stupid poetry.



LOG CABIN #71 (Sample \$1 from George L. Roberts, Rt. 1, Box 419, Fincastle, VA 24090): This is the newsletter of MENSA's Back-to-the-Land SIG (Special Interest Group), though you don't have to be a Mensa member to receive it. This reminds me a bit of Message Post, but is aimed more at homesteaders and farmdwellers than campers. This issue includes, among other things, a recipe for dandelion wine, ideas on preparing land for farming, and lots of talk about people's gardens. *****

SIC BISCUIT DISINTEGRAT 4 (4 IRCs/3 issues from Dave Rowley & Joy Hibbert, 11 Rutland St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, ST15JG ENGLAND): This is another traditional SF fanzine, but it's not the overwhelming monster that HTT is. This issue discusses the psychological roots of fuzzy animal fandom, the wildlife of a suburban bathroom, and a libel suit not filed against a tabloid by a neopagan group. The letter column actually manages to hold interesting discussions about previous articles, which is something of a novelty. *****

ALTERNATIVE ENERGY TRANSPORTATION Vol. 5 #12 (Sample \$2 from EV Consultants, 327 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025): This one is for people who are serious about vehicles powered by batteries, or inductive cables, or compressed natural gas, or fuel cells, or just about anything besides good old gasoline. I didn't realize there were so many electric vans in the country -- or just how little the DOE is doing to help with their development. *****

Gatsby writes: "I don't know whether the 'trend' in fan-zines is toward inclusion of fiction or poetry now moreso than ever or whether my own leanings greet these zines, but for whatever reason, I'm very glad to see it happening." I don't know myself whether there is more of everything out there or whether I'm just seeing the ultimate effects of the cheap photocopier, but like Gatsby, I'm glad to see it happening. FF is my own personal encouragement to the small presses of the world. *****

JET LAG #44 (\$1 from 8419 Halls Ferry, Penthouse Suite, St. Louis, MO 63147): This is another rock and roll zine, rather centered on the St. Louis music scene, specifically the punk clubs. It is not limited to the St. Louis area, reviewing national acts and records as well, but on those you can probably find out more from ROLLING STONE. If you live in Missouri, buy this. *****

NOT SAFE (Membership \$15, Box 5743, Montecito, CA 93108) is the National Organization Taunting Safety And Fairness Everywhere, and is dedicated to carrying our currently over-law-laden society to its absurd limit. They call for such diverse measures as licensing of helium, banning video games that are sexist, banning of "pornography paraphenilia" (for example, T-shirts and the construction of motor vehicles out of styrofoam. They have some good ideas, but tend to get carried away. Information may be available for an SASE. *****

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY, July 1984 (\$8/year from SIL, PO Box 1147, Warminster, PA 18974): Now over fifteen years old, this newsletter of the libertarian movement continues to provide interesting & informative articles like clockwork. This time they lead off with Jarret Wollstein's effort to tag some of the most divisive issues in the movement as "False Dichotomies": Anarchy vs. Minarchy, Gradualism vs. Abolitionism, Denationalized vs. Adequate Defense, and Free Trade vs. Security. He does a good, though incomplete job (and I say that even though I think he's misrepresented anarchy) and I applaud the effort to try and halt the increasing factionalism of the Forces of Good. *****

MOBILIZATION FOR ANIMALS (PO Box 1679, Columbus, OH 43216) is trying to organize nationwide protests on August 25th, the date of the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association. While it may be too late to get in on that by the time you read this, they're always up to something new in their continued efforts to assure animals of rights. Personally, I think they go overboard to a fair extent, but their work in some areas is valuable enough to warrant my tacit support. *****

THE NATURAL LAW FAMILIST, Vol. 3 #5 (Free from 5324 Sun Valley Dr., El Paso, TX 79924): This issue is devoted entirely to the efforts of the Violence Prevention Network (which is not connected with the Familist Movement to get the democrats to adapt a children's rights plank as part of their platform. Not real exciting stuff, I'm afraid -- nor do I think they have much chance of getting a major political party to adapt a plank calling for the repeal of all laws limiting the freedom of minors. *****

SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER, June 1984 (\$5/year from Rt. 10, Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501): More fun clippings from the strange country we live in. When you want to see just how far the USA has deteriorated, SLM is the place to go. Now, if only they had a solution for building it back up again...but we can't have everything. Associate editor Robert Brakeman also continues his series of fictionalized tales of liberty, and though his writing is utterly self-conscious, the stories themselves are worth reading & pondering.

CHEAP TRUTH 6 (\$1 from 809-C West 12th St., Austin, TX 78701): is a non-traditional SF fanzine. The editor makes a determined effort to look at SF from new points of view, sometimes discussing the generation gap in SF, sometimes writing editorials in epic poetry, and sometimes just by using obscure graphics to make obscure points. It's not clear how many issues a buck will get you, but since they're two pages each, it should be a couple.

AMERICAN FLAGG! #13 (\$1 from First Comics, 1014 Davis St., Evanston, IL 60201): AF had a wonderful first year, and one of the most wonderful things about it was Howard Chaykin's ability to pack as much information in the background of his panels as you'd find in a fair-sized novel. Starting with this issue, though, a couple of clowns named Sherman and Burchett have taken over the artwork, and the product reminds me of nothing so much as a DONALD DUCK comic I once owned. I feel cheated. They have 3 issues to get this straightened out before I refuse to renew my subscription. Don't buy this.

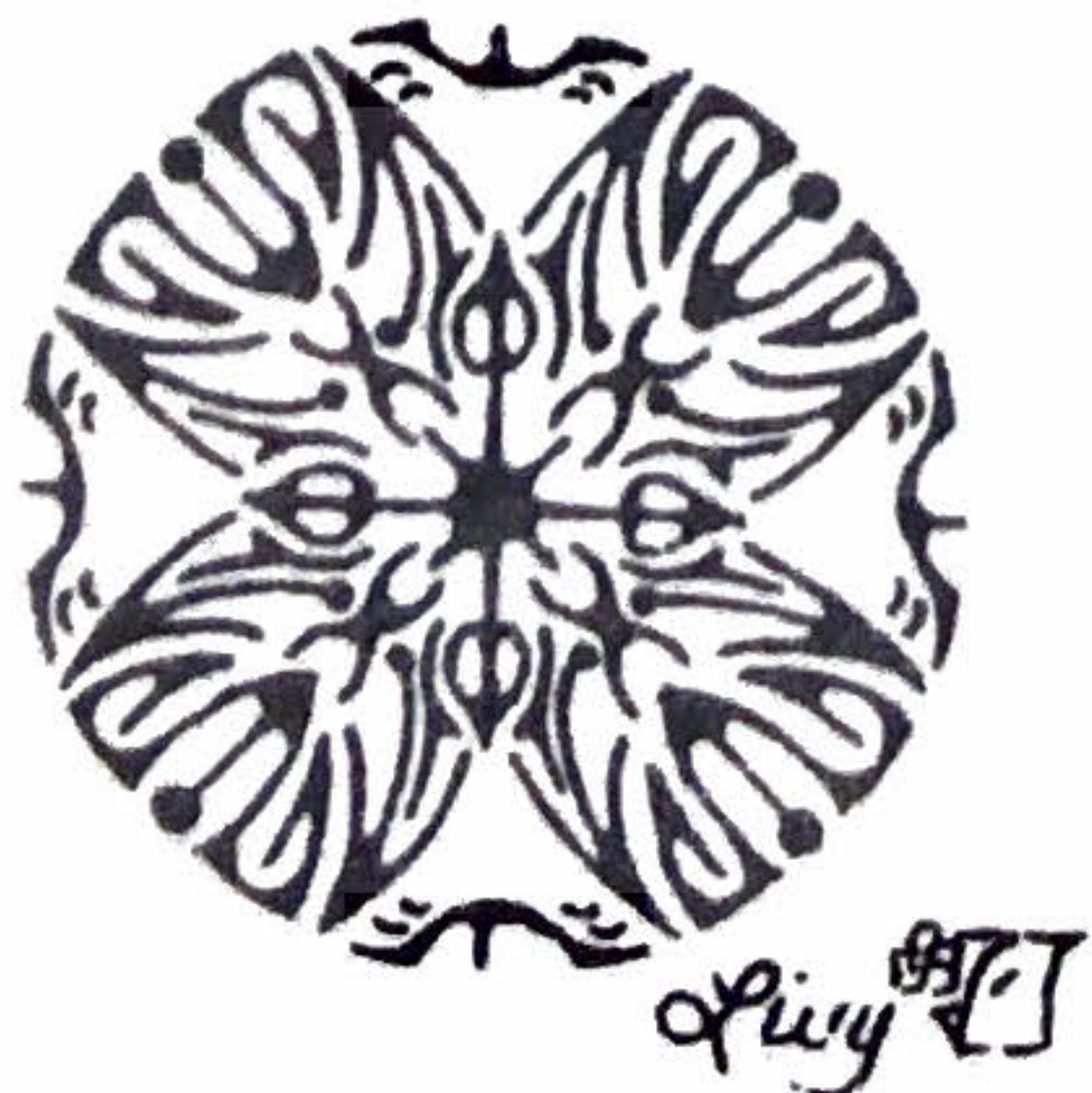
WHOLE LIFE TIMES #36 (\$11.95/year from 18 Shephard St., Brighton, MA 02135): The "Journal for Personal and Planetary Health", WLT is concerned with the spectrum of things running from nutrition to nuclear disarmament. This particular issue is heavy into nutrition, with an interview with Francis Lappe (author of DIET FOR A SMALL PLANET) and articles on soy foods and the amount of protein one needs. Their classifieds and calendar sections are superlatively good. Soybean "icecream"?

VIEW FROM THE LEDGE 10 (? from PO Box 57141, Washington, DC 20037): There used to be a journal called DEBRIS, whose passing I have lamented in these pages, that was devoted to reprinting the strangest "news" published in the country. Well, lament no more, for VFTEL has taken up the baton and is running strong. I'd heard some of these stories before -- SubGenius performer Michael Tolson has even been featured in these pages -- but my life would have been much the poorer if I had not read about the man who rode in a clothes dryer or the guy who drowned during his baptism. This newsletter is intended for friends of the editor, but if you beg enough I'm sure he'll send one to you.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL Vol. 102 #2 (\$2 from Box 125, Astor Sta., Boston, MA 02123): It's strange in light of their strong Christian flavor and insistence on giving oneself up to God that I should be sympathetic towards these folks, but I am. This is, I think, their main theoretical publication, and as such contains articles on metaphysics interspersed with testimonies of healing. It is clear, I think, that the mind of man can influence the universe. What I'm looking for myself is a way to do it without the trappings of religion, but I wouldn't seek to tear these people from their own Path.

LIBERTARIAN MICROFICHE PUBLISHING (c/o John Zube, 7 Oxley St., Berrima NSW AUSTRALIA 2577) has a catalog out of microfiche available on (of course) libertarian subjects. It looks like John has about 500 different fiche available, everything from Bakunin to Thornley for a buck apiece. There are those who say that microfiche is the heart of the coming revolution in information storage. They may be right. If so, this is a good start.

THE DROOD REVIEW OF MYSTERY, "May" 1984 (75¢ from Box 8872, Boston, MA 02114): If you want to know what's new in mystery, this is the place to go. Most of this issue is book reviews, with the exception of a major article on the literature of revenge, and the reviews are well done -- the sort of thing you'd expect to hear from a friend you asked about a book. Drood also covers TV and movies, is involved in putting on a mystery con, and is branching out into other assorted projects.



AGAINST THE WALL Vol. 12 #9 (\$2 from PO Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091). This is a special issue, headlined "THE POEMS OF PEACE AND FREEDOM". Not surprisingly, the poets like peace, freedom and feminism; they don't like atomic bombs, governments and policemen. Maybe I'm the wrong person to be reviewing this issue, because I'm not usually too affected by poetry, but it mostly seems like an awful waste of space. These fluffy little thoughts would have only taken two pages in total if they weren't laid out in funny patterns, and there'd have been room for some real articles.

POPULAR REALITY #1 (25¢ or \$2/6 from 112½ E. Hillcrest, Eugene, OR 97404): This is a publication of the "Shimo Underground", which appears to be loosely associated with the Church of the SubGenius. Their 8-page table is notably short on actual copy and long on filler, but it is after all their first issue. They lead off with a good hard-core stand on the futility and immorality of voting, and have some thought-provoking bits of art inside. I'd say it's worth the money to see what develops.

NOMOS, Summer 1984 (\$3 or \$10/4 from 9857 S. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60643): NOMOS continues to present accessible articles on the philosophy of freedom and related topics. This issue features, among other things, a personal account of an anarchist labor union and the beginning of a debate on whether libertarianism is a moral or scientific theory. They're also holding a writing contest with \$250 in prizes -- write to them for more details.

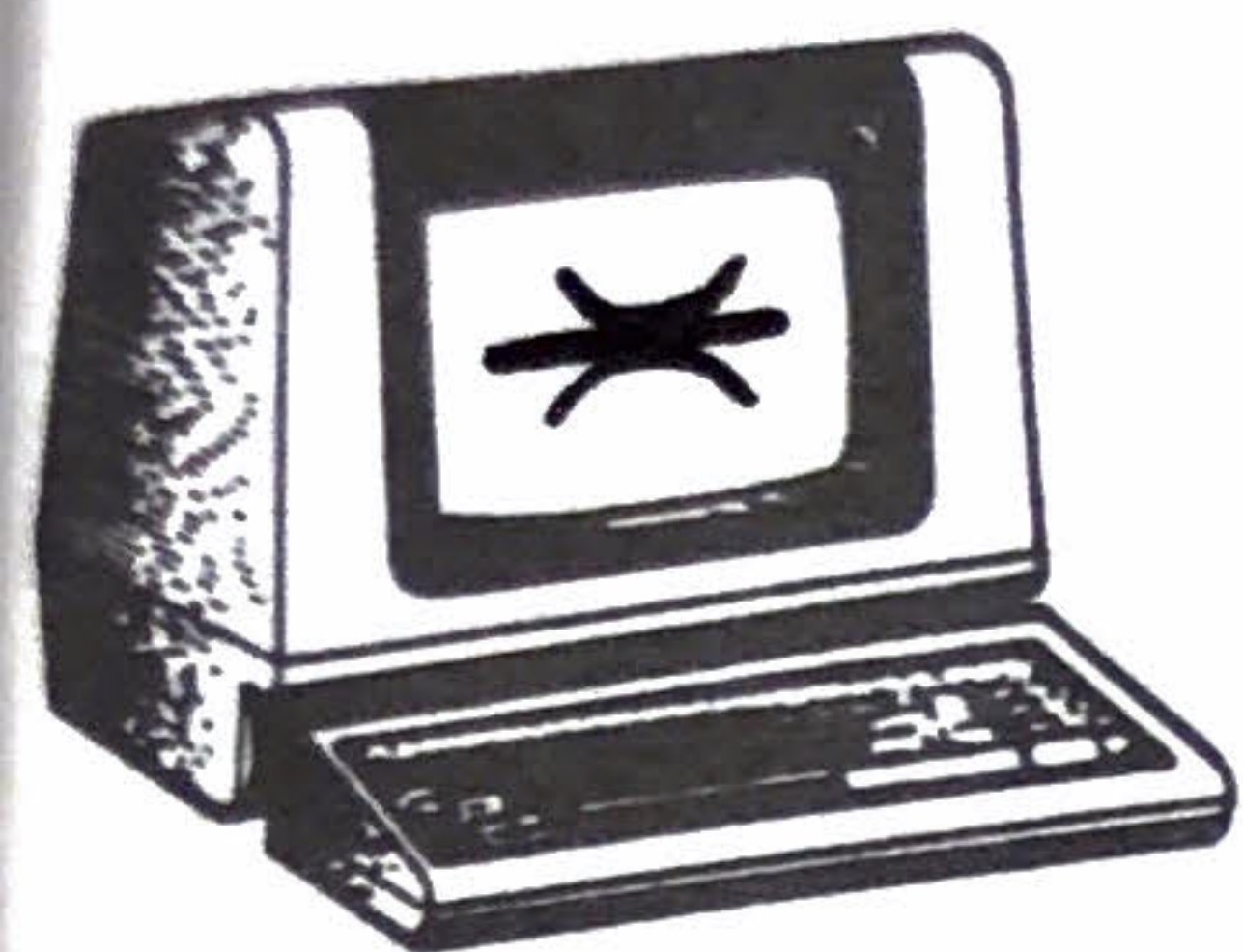
HIMALAYAN NEWS (Free from RD 1, Box 88, Honesdale, PA 18431): This is primarily an advertising organ for the Himalayan Institute, but it also contains articles on Eastern thought, parables, vegetarian recipes, and transcriptions of some of Swami Rama's lectures. Swami Rama is the founder of this suburbanite ashram; he's just taken off to Tibet for a period of "silence and seclusion" but I don't know what if anything that will do to the Institute.

Tony Holiday writes: "I am currently having a great time subscribing to new publications after feeling completely isolated since '67 because I didn't know anyone else who had anywhere near the same interests and lifestyle that I do, and because I've always worked at straight clerical jobs for conservative companies I'd have to keep quiet about a lot of stuff I liked/believed in." Well, you're not the only one who has that problem. I don't keep a completely conservative front on all the time at work, but neither have I been able to interest anyone else in my own peculiar heresies. Almost all of my intellectual life is lived via the US mails, which as much as we might condemn for shoddy service are still indispensable.

POINT-BLANK 3 (? from PO Box 90312, San Diego, CA 92109): An "anarchist no-wave monthly", this is an entertaining little one-sheet publication. On one side is a comic strip depicting the exploits of Nestor Makhno. On the other are a few articles (the reduced print allows them to get a lot of stuff into a small space), notably one on "Do-it-yourself Anarchy", listing ways in which it is possible to take action now. Some of their suggested actions strike me as pretty tacky, but on the whole I'm glad to see people interested in doing more than just theorizing.

EMOTIONAL VOMIT (50¢ from M. Schafer, 75 Fairview Ave. #3B, New York, NY 10040): These are minicomics of a particularly deranged nature. Well, they're not actually comics, but rather collages combined with baffling prose ("Anti-ash tray had no choice but to go underground and assume a new secret identity. He could lay eggs across this great country of ours & have us humans scrambled in egg-sactly 24 hours..."). The pictures are just as baffling and occasionally creep beyond the bounds of good taste. Try it in pursuit of non-linear thinking.

EMANCIPATION #7 (\$5/year from AAA, Box 840, Benjamin Franklin Sta., Washington, DC 20044): The newsletter of the Anarchist Association of the Americas, this has been around for a long time and will no doubt be around for a long time to come. Their particular concern is the application of anarchist principles here and now, with emphasis on environmentalism, appropriate technology, and spontaneous order. Their "History Notes" column seeks to relate the current path of the movement to the thinkers that spawned it. Overall, a good paper.



TRIBULATIONS OF THE CONTEMPORARY COMMUNIST ANARCHIST MOVEMENT (\$4 from Spare Change Monographs, 2981 Lookout Pl. NE, Atlanta, GA 30305): This would have made my "Best Bets" section if it were not quite so specialized. Its appeal is strictly to the hard-core conspiracy freak, but to them it's pure gold. Kerry Thornley spins a tight web of conspiracy explaining the sinister controls behind the communist anarchist movement, and discusses ways to break free from their monetary and electronic control. Wild reading.

OPEN ROAD #16 (\$1 or 2 hours wages/year from Box 6135, Station G, Vancouver, BC V6R 4G5 CANADA): This is a 24-page anarchist tabloid which tries to cover the movement worldwide. Lead stories cover Litton losing a cruise missile contract (influenced in part by the Vancouver 5 bombing), squatters getting busted in the Netherlands, and the continuing hassles of Leonard Peltier. There's a fair amount of stuff on the unfairness of the Vancouver Five trial, which is sort of ironic now that a few of them have admitted everything. They have a Marxist bent and an overinflated idea of the importance of anarchists in today's world, but on the plus side, you won't find most of this news covered anywhere else. I wouldn't recommend subscribing -- this is a quarterly that comes out once a year or so.

THE GOD PESTILENCE (50¢ from The Match, PO Box 3488, Tucson, AZ 85722): This is the translation of a pamphlet in German by Johann Most, a rather controversial figure of the last century. It is not, as the title might indicate, a reasonable and reasoned argument for atheism, but rather a straightforward attack on the whole concept of God, in particular the Judeo-Christian God. The argument is probably best characterized as "mud-slinging". Sure, there are parts of the Bible that don't make a lot of sense as science or that don't show God in a real good light. But this is not the sort of pamphlet which will do other than upset people.

TAROT NETWORK NEWS (\$2 from Callisto Publishers, 2860 California St., San Francisco, CA 94115): This is of course a newspaper devoted entirely to Tarot cards. The cards discussed range from the old traditional decks to new ones such as Tim Leary's with two extra Major Arcana and the Amazon Tarot, designed to bring less subservient images of women into play. I'm not qualified to judge whether the articles are good or bad, but they seem to be well-written, and the use of imagery from many different systems seems to me to be a good sign.

FRED COMICS (\$1 from David Steinlicht, PO Box 3154, Minneapolis, MN 55403): This is a black-and-white comic in a rather elongated (4½ x 14) format, which appears to have been chosen for no particular reason. This isn't really an underground comic, just a self-produced collection of strips from various artists that could almost be in your local paper. Amusing.

LIBERTARIAN LOGOS Vol. 2 #9 (no set price from Philosophical Society of Libertarians, PO Box 25172, Phoenix, AZ 85001): 40 or 50 pages twice a month, this one is available for whatever you think is right. Lorraina Valencia and her staff are dedicated to spreading the truth about the conditions in our prison system even if this means personal loss -- and it often does. Reading one issue of LOGOS will bring forth a feeling of righteous indignation -- reading five will make you want to go out and tear down a prison, brick by brick. They've scared some of those in power: copies have been refused by prison censors.

AMERICAN FORUM, July 1984 (\$13.95/year from PO Box 261, Staten Island, NY 10302): This is a "reader-written newspaper", which makes it a rather rag-bag compendium of letters and clippings from (mostly) extremist points of view. A strange mix of right-wing libertarianism and tax protest stuff with just plain crazy ideas -- like the one that food stamps be denied to all fat people.

CONFESSIONS OF A TRASH FIEND, Vol. 2 #20 (50¢ or \$7/24 from Richard Green, PO Box 32, Old Bridge, NJ 08857): This is a biweekly two-pager for fans of trashy movies in theatrical or home-video release. It consists almost entirely of graphic reviews of graphic movies filled with gratuitous violence. The tag line to one laudatory review is "MTDS is sick, brutal and violent! Don't miss it!!!" Different strokes for different folks, but I don't even want to meet these folks.

vacations
WORLD-WIDE.
If in a world of five billion there
were only jobs for one billion
most of us would have to settle
for crumbs if things aren't
changed. To that end send
SASE or 2 I.R.C's to
all-involving
EVEN AGE WORKERS
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504
\$

ANSWER:
The time is not yet ripe. Until that day arrives don't do a thing (like Reagan) — just sit back and worry (like me). For the four latest from the greatest send S.A.S.E. to:
**BRAINBEAUISM — Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504**
\$

WHATEVER A PERSON
Does between nine and more
done to get less than or more
than his or her share of blue
collar work products. Should
each purchaser have done his
or her share of the blue collar
work involved?
Send SASE to unemployment
ending, inescapable, year
'round paying
EVEN AGE WORK FORCE
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44604

KCoC Catalog (SASE (?) from Kansas College of Collage, PO Box 8187, SM, Kansas 66208): The KCoC is a collage art project masterminded by the elusive Joe Schwind, who is occasionally seen stalking through Mittel-Amerika with a pair of scissors and a pastepot. This brochure will do a better job than I can of acquainting you with the results of his continuing search for the Truth and a good burrito.

Rev. Doug from the Young Technocrats informs us "Rev. Stang will write from the Fistemple, but ya gotta throw a shit fit first. He says new Stark Fist should be out soon." Indeed, I've heard this same rumour from the staff of the Curch of Mr. Science, so perhaps we've almost reached the point of a new resurgence in SubGenial activity. I certainly hope so.

AVOID TAXES (no price give, from Stormy Mon, Box 201, Paradise, CA 95969): This publication suggests a few methods for getting out of the Federal income tax racket. The author claims that the IRS is not investigating W-4 forms with 14 or less dependents claimed, and that Fifth Amendment tax returns are getting through with no trouble. I dunno. I'd rather not take the risk myself, but some would consider me a brainwashing sheep for making that statement.

THE WHOLE SHMEER #4 (50¢ or trade from the LDFs, POB 7742, Salt Lake City, UT 84107): A journal of absurdism and SubGeniality, this one has been moving to a broader base as it's developed and big changes are in store for the next issue, or so I am told. Strange stories, strange art, articles on apartments that leak and food that disturbs the human condition and a very handy calendar of events: how else whould I know they're having a brick & rolling pin throwing contest in Oklahoma even as I type? Reading this will rot your mind.

MUMBLES #2 (\$2 from John Eberly, POB 7243, Wichita, KS 67218): This is another entry in the field of strange comics and graphic art. Must be something in the water or soil out in the Midwest that makes this kind of derangement epidemic there. Only two issues old, this is by no means a polished product, but some of the artists featured show promise. Some of the others don't. Some of the more existential pieces struck me as very funny, but I'm wierd.

SCAREAPHANALIA #12 (50¢ or \$6/year from Michael Gingold, 55 Nordica Dr., Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520): This is another specialized film newsletter, covering exclusively horror movies, which is a separate sub-genre from pure sleaze, though there is some overlap. Movies reviewed range from CHRISTINE to Michael Jackson's THRILLER, and the reviews are thoughtful and don't reveal the endings, which is especially important for horror flicks.

GET STUPID #3 (50¢ or \$6/year from Michael Gingold, 55 Nordica Dr., Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520): This is another specialized film newsletter, covering exclusively horror movies, which is a separate sub-genre from pure sleaze, though there is some overlap. Movies reviewed range from CHRISTINE to Michael Jackson's THRILLER, and the reviews are thoughtful and don't reveal the endings, which is especially important for horror flicks.

SubGenius

MA 02151

GET STUPID #3 (\$3 (I think) from 534 Revere St., Revere, MA 02151)
SubGenius magazine with a difference, and the difference is that they
the staples and the page numbers off. Buy a copy of this and you get a
stack of paper of various sizes, which are printed with photo-collages,
stupid drawings, comic strips and even words. Find out the secrets of
the Maltafari in this issue -- if you dare! Also contains ancient and
little-known SubGenial secrets. Not for sale to hip wimps.

LOBSTER TENDENCIES #12 (1200 Howard St., San Francisco, CA 94103): This zine is not publishing any longer BUT they've got a book, THE BEST OF LOBSTER TENDENCIES coming out soon for \$2 plus 74¢ postage. And what is their best? Writing, pure and simple, with not so pure and simple overtones. This is experimental literature, but it's not the stale sort of thing you find in college literary magazines. It's writing that puts emotions and images into your mind where they can lead to nightmares later on. "Feelings came up as she walked, like vomiting in another dimension." That says it all.

WHAT'S NEW

■ Nine to five, five days a week, a professional nutritionist hired by the RichLife vitamin supplement company is ready to answer your hardest nutrition question, free for the asking, at 800-647-5040. Vitamins in ketchup? Sixteen calories a tablespoon, 3.8 grams of carbohydrates, a little vitamin A, a heap of sodium, a teeny bit of niacin, a smidgen of potassium. Vitamins in Cornnuts? Stumped them.

ZOOMORPHIA (\$1.50 plus 37¢ postage from Steven Scharff, Box 5004, Hillside, NJ 07205): Funny animal cartoons from a variety of good artists. My favorite is "Eugene the Euglena", but there are lots of others to choose from. Also included is a set of self-caricatures of the artists as funny animals.

NEOLOGY Vol. 9 #3 (\$5/year or trade from ESFCAS, Box 4071, Edmonton, AB T6E 4S8 CANADA): This is the clubzine of the Edmonton Science Fiction & Comic Art Society. Great mimeography lives on in the frozen North, though of course that's not the big deal it used to be. The usual debris of a clubzine -- book, movie, comic

and convention reviews -- is mixed in with articles on other odds and ends, like an article on a new museum in Edmonton or one on the socially redeeming characteristics of fantasy gamers. A good job.

THE MEMORY HOLE #1 (\$1 or 6/\$5 from PO Box 94, Long Beach, CA 90801-0094): This is a new apa. I suppose I should pause for my usual explanation of the term. An apa is a set of conversations held by mail, generally revolving around a particular topic, which are carried out by each member sending in copies of his own stuff and getting back copies of everything. This particular apa is dedicated to Revisionist History and is, as the number will tell you, just getting off the ground. It features talk of conspiracy theory, the survival of the Knights Templar, the situation in El Salvador, and a few other things. Write for a sample copy if the field interests you.

THE FREE PHILOSOPHER QUARTERLY, Spring 1984 (\$4 or 4/\$16 from PO Box 103, W. Carrollton, OH 45449): Not free in price but in basic bias, this is a forum for those who wish to discuss libertarianism and related topics in a forum free from bickering. There is some tendency towards overly stilted writing, but on the whole the pieces are well thought out and researched. Recent topics have included an analysis of the state as a market phenomenon, thoughts on the metaphysics of history, and an analysis of Ayn Rand's theory of art. Chewy stuff.

PEGASUS EXPRESS, Spring 1984 (\$1 or 8/\$5 from Ellen Hansen, 4701 Lyons Rd. Box #159, Pompano Beach, FL 33067): This is a neo-pagan zine, filled with rituals, herbal recipes, myths, poetry and metaphysics. I'd be more inclined to trust the safety of the metaphysics than that of the herbal recipes. The rituals they publish don't really sing to me, but it takes exceptional ones to do so.

U2 USA (\$2 from Fred Mills, 1211-G Green Oaks Lane, Charlotte, NC 28205): This is a music fanzine devoted entirely to the music of a single group: U2. It doesn't seem like much to base a fanzine on, but they're out with two issues so far and show no sign of stopping. I'm not all that fond of U2 myself, but if I were, this would be the place to turn for information.

WINGED MERCURY NETWORKING (\$5 for 1 year (?) from Gary Swift, c/o 6020 Piedmont Pl., Lynchburg, VA 24502): Billed as "A sporadical for the cooperative process", this is a journal of one man's travels hither and yon in search of something. His interests seem to include just about everything any "new Age" publication has ever talked about: healing, small-scale organizations, Bucky Fuller and lots more. Smith includes addresses for the people and groups he's visited, opening them up for more contacts (or to use the newspeak for it, networking).

DAGNY'S NEWS (SASE from PO Box 714, Miami, FL 33133): "A free forum for a free economy", this is for unabashed libertarian capitalists. Just starting out, it hasn't gotten far yet, but already the editor is trying to organize libertairn conferences and is running a lending library of freedom books.

STRIKE #33 (50¢ or \$5/year from PO Box 284, Main Station, St. Catharines, ONT L2R 6T7 CANADA): "The newspaper dedicated to direct action," the most interesting article in this one concerns another attempt to come up with an anarchist stand on the issue of pornography vs. censorship. This article comes out in favor of the WAP types right to express their views, but against the implementation of these views, and it must have been difficult for the editorial collective to decide to print. Other coverage includes articles on current happenings in Nicaragua and Hungary, mixed with theoretical articles written from an anarcho-communist point of view.

NONVIOLENT ANARCHIST NEWSLETTER (\$3/3 issues from Box 1385, Austin, TX 78767): Having been around for a year or so now, the NAN (which also stands for Nonviolent Anarchist Network) seems to be having the traditional anarchist identity crisis. They're looking for things to do that are both nonviolent and anarchist, discussing whether the name "anarchist" and the good old black flag have too many negative connotations, and so on. They're not as hard-core anarchist as they could be, but this is made up for by their firm ethical stand.

INDUSTRIAL WORKER Vol. 81 #8 (25¢ or \$4/year from IWW, 3435 N. Sheffield #202, Chicago, IL 60657): The IWW is of course the good old Wobblies, who you may remember from American History class as early but loopy unionists. A few die-hard remnants survive and publish this newspaper with its very strange viewpoint. C'mon guys -- "CLASS WAR IN TOLEDO"? Of moderate interest as unintentional humor, but otherwise not worth much.

LIVING FREE #26 (\$1.25 or \$7/6 issues from Jim Stumm, Box 29, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223): A journal for people who want to liberate themselves rather than changing the world, this particular issue consists mainly of letters from the readers, many of whom are practicing what they preach by living on farms or roaming the country. There's someone in Kentucky looking for help on his farm from someone who is willing to work, ideas on bikes for the mountains, and debate on a nuclear freeze. Jim also sells xerox copies of many hard-to-find libertarian periodicals from the 60's and 70's, for very reasonable prices.

THE UNICORN Vol. VII #6 (\$10/year from The Rowan Tree, Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN 55408): A pagan zine from a "mystery school", this one contains the usual letters, reviews, rituals, poetry, and contact addresses. There is also a good gossip-column type thing mentioning goings-on in their neck of the woods. They strive to integrate sexual magick into their format without offending anyone.

SMILE #2 (30p or, I guess, a couple of IRCs from Stewart Home, 31 Norfolk Farm Road, Pyrford, Woking, Surrey, GU22 8LH, ENGLAND): This would appear to be the official organ of the "Generation Positive" movement (as well as a ringleader in the long-address movement). GP's "Ultimatum" includes such demands as the burning of all flared trousers and "an end to culture, ethics and inwardness". Most of the zine consists of short and occasionally pithy poems, interspersed with more cryptic ravings about the Generation Positive.

LEVEL 6 (\$4 from Dennis Baldwin, PO Box 50164, Indianapolis, IN 46256): LEVEL is a mail art network, which seems to be an independent re-invention of the apa concept with an emphasis on the bizarre and silly, particularly as expressed by art. Open the envelope and a bunch of stuff falls out: postcards, xeroxes of bills, cartoons, collages, mysterious envelopes, papers covered with rubber stamps and what-have-you. There's still time to get involved in LEVEL 7 if you're interested; the deadline is December 31st.

Ron Hereseey of Heretic's Journal writes: "I appreciate the fact that you're listing H.J. and its contents -- regardless of what snotty comments you choose to make about it. There just might be some of your readers with enquiring, imaginative and serious minds who will be motivated to write to me." Well, I think there probably are. I gather a lot of my readers are writing off to the magazines I list. That is, after all, the reason FF exists. I don't know how many of my readers do send for stuff, but I'd be interested in hearing from those who do.

QUACKERY #1 (2/\$1 from Tony Alsobrook-Renner, 2916 A Keokuk, St. Louis, MO 63118): Having not accumulated enough good stuff for his real fanzine, Tony has instead put out this 8-page compilation of fanzine reviews. He loves some and hates some and it's obvious which are which; the man has talent for praise and invective. He even reviews a few things that I don't receive, believe it or not.

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THE PV NETWORK NEWS, May 1984 (\$10/year from Joel Davidson, 10615 Chandler Blvd., N. Hollywood, CA 91601): If you're like me you've considered solar power for its conservation, monetary and tax advantages, but haven't quite known where to start looking for information. Well, this newsletter will turn you on to more sources of info than you can possibly handle. Not content with just lights and radios, the PV Network is investigating solar powered refrigerators, air conditioners, and who knows what. The subscription price includes a membership that makes you eligible for bulk buy discounts on solar modules, regulators and other equipment.

SECRET TRAFFIC #1 (\$1.50 or 4/\$4 from Lee Pelton, c/o Levin, 4842 N. Hermitage #1E, Chicago, IL 60640): Lee Pelton publishes a big fanzine called PRIVATE HEAT. This is stuff that didn't fit in PH, printed as a separate zine to save Lee time & effort. I don't understand it either, and I don't think it worked. The articles seem obviously second-rate when compared to PH. It may be possible for one fanned to put out two good fanzines, but I don't think Lee has gotten the hang of it yet.

SWILL #8 (SASE from 55 Sutter #375, San Francisco, CA 94104): Another zine joins the ranks of those silly enough to reprint a good review from FF to impress the readers! I don't know whether this magazine is planned or if it just spontaneously generated itself from the contents of shoeboxes and handbags throughout the Bay Area. Lead article is about a break-dancing member of the Oakland A's, and later on there is a nice picture of a man fending off a crazed wallaby. Also has information on the Bay Area music scene.

THE MONTHLY INDEPENDENT TRIBUNE TIMES JOURNAL POST GAZETTE NEWS CHRONICLE BULLETIN #18 (SASE from 2510 Bancroft Way, #207, Berkeley, CA 94704): This magazine is shorter and funnier than its title. The only regular feature is a comic strip featuring an average family of skeletons -- everything else is decidedly irregular. Stories, photos and captions mix together in a stew of psychoses, and they also employ a contagious metaphorical style of writing. Fearless investigation of bestiality in our comic strips.

SYNTHESIS #16 (\$8/10 from League for Ecological Democracy, PO Box 1858, San Pedro, CA 90733): This issue is particularly interesting for its reportage of the behind-the-scenes goings-on of the "US Green Party", which may be just one nut's attempt to cash in on the popularity of the German Greens. If he has, he's snowed some major papers & magazines. The LED is into ecology and anarchism, with an outlook that is interesting despite its putting trees before people.

ALTERNATIVE INFORMATION NETWORK (PO Box 7279, Austin, TX 78712): These people put together a twice weekly cable TV newscast which generally focuses on a single topic: Draft Resistance, Acid Rain, Alternative Nutrition, the CIA, and the Iranian Revolution, for example, have been covered in past shows.

Video cassettes of many of these programs are available -- they sent me a catalogue together with a note telling me how much it cost, which I confess has been eaten by my room. Write to 'em if you want more information.

UPRIGHT OSTRICH, June 1984 (\$3 sample, \$25/year from PO Box 100787, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310): The Ostrich is working towards restoring a government of laws rather than of men to this society, by going back to the original spirit of the US Constitution. What this means in practice is fighting the IRS tooth and claw and attacking the socialism and pettiness of bureaucrats at every opportunity. They're trying to keep the case of Gordon Kahl's death open and promoting all manner of stories about major parts of our laws being unconstitutional.

ANTI-SOCIAL JR. (\$1 (I guess) from 1270 W. Ardmore, Chicago, IL 60660): This would appear to be a placeholder between issues of ANTI-SOCIAL COMICS, but in the absence of any editorial explanation it's hard to be sure. In any case, this is still the same mix of detailed and stark art, combined with social commentary and rotten jokes, that makes me enjoy the real thing so much. Buy it and hope for a full issue soon.



FOUND IT
\$3.75

Candi Strecker writes: "Incidentally, I always enjoy your capsule book reviews in the back. This time (rare event) I'd actually read some of the same books you have (plus looked at the pretty pictures in the Mandelbrot FRACTALS book). Couple 'a years ago when I was an underpaid slave at MATHEMATICAL REVIEWS I got into reading Scientific Autobiographies, and Ulam's was one of my favorites. Did you know he died just recently? He came across so vividly in his book -- slightly crusty immigrant chap. "BROS KARMAZOV" in 2 sentences -- a cute job of encapsulization. "Clan of the Cave Bear" -- you nicely captured the preposterousness of this item, which I ultra-speed-read in a car between Memphis and Chicago out of a berzerk kind of landscape boredom." Hooray! Someone reads the book reviews -- I wasn't sure about that. I guess I'll keep doing them. I'm sorry to hear that Ulam has died, as he seemed to be one of the prime voices of sanity to come out of the Manhattan Project.

TRULY NEEDY #8 (\$1 from PO Box 2271, Rockville, MD 20852): This punk zine reviews hundreds of records and fanzines, talks to bands, publishes interviews and articles, and still finds space for columns on comics, sports and other things. How they print 80 pages with typesetting for this price I don't know, but I wish I had their secret -- or their huge staff. The reviews seem clear to me, so I suspect they'd actually be useful to someone who listens to this stuff.

EDITIONS CATALOGUE #690 (Sample \$1 from Norman Levine's Editions, Boiceville, NY 12412): Can you resist a listing of 10,000 or more used books for sale, published once a month? I can't, and regularly go over my budget when dealing with these people. Prices range from \$2.60 for Modern Library editions to \$250 and up for special items, with most books being in the \$6-\$12 range. The condition of the ones I've bought has been excellent.

GREEN REVOLUTION Vol. 40 #4 (\$7.50/year from School of Living, RD 7, York, PA 17402): These people are trying to apply social ideals to bring about real change in the world, by living in accordance with what they persist in calling "wholist" values. They're also pushing for currency reform, specifically the backing of all money by real goods. Seems a bit disorganized but it's still interesting.

CHEMICAL-OF-THE-MONTH BULLETIN (SASE (?) from 420 W. Elm St., Kent, OH, 44240): "devoted to advancing the appreciation of chemicals, chemical products and by-products", this is either exactly what it seems or a joke too deep for me to understand. This Spring Cleaning issue focuses on detergents and disinfectants, and contains a free rubber glove.

SNACK #4 (40¢ stamps for sample from PO Box 70142, Seattle, WA 98107): On the cover, this one asks the question "Is your Brain on a Diet?" On the inside are reviews of punk music combined with stuff on animal rights and anarchy. Most of the zine is devoted to anti-politics from a caring point of view. The stark white-on-black layout is entertaining but tough to read for too long.

PSYCHOZOIC PRESS #8 (\$7/year from 2121 Braley Rd., Coos Bay, OR 97420): "An Information & Communication Exchange Paper on Psychedelics", this one contains just that: information on psychedelic drugs from people who've tried them. Good information on effects, cultivation, book reviews and far-out ideas on what the psychedelic experience means. About the only thing missing is solid medical information on long-term effects, but that's damned hard to come by these days.

INDIVIDUALIST ANARCHISM (SASE (?) from Mackay Society, Box 131, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023): This is a little two-page pamphlet outlining one set of individual views on anarchy and its positions. I don't agree with all of it -- what two anarchists do agree -- but a surprising amount strikes me as sensible. It's not the gospel but it is a pretty good intro to the subject for those who want to start investigating it.

SPECTACULAR TIMES #13 (send cash bills to Box 99, 84b, Whitechapel High St., London, E1 7QX ENGLAND): This is a pamphlet from a bunch of English Situationists, concerned mainly with the Situationist concept of The Spectacle, which I don't understand in the slightest. It seems to have something to do with the way the media manipulate our lives. Thought-provoking, even if the thoughts refuse to organize themselves into any sort of coherent whole.

THE FREE-MARKET YELLOW PAGES (\$2.50 from PO Box 4, Fullerton, CA 92632): Listing all businesses and individuals who believe in freedom is an interesting idea, but it has its drawbacks. One is that no effort is made to find out whether those listed really do believe in freedom or whether they're just out to make a fast buck off of libertarians. For another, does it matter if your air ionizer is made by an agorist?

NUKE NOTES Vol. 4 #7 (\$9/year from So No More Atomics, 8571 Gravenstein Hwy., Cotati, CA 94928): I guess these people started out by just fighting the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant, but now they've branched out into a variety of activists causes, opposing pesticide spraying in populated areas, picking coffee in Nicaragua, and saying nasty things about the military-industrial complex. Their general philosophy can be seen in the title of the section about Diablo Canyon's license hearings: "Holding Back the Devil". Looks full of good ideas for local activist organizations everywhere.

THE EVENT #9 (\$9/year from Trs-State Metro Naturists, PO Box 203, Pequannock, NJ 07440): I think naturists are for a "clothes-optional" life, as opposed to nudists who want to do away with clothes all together, but I'm not sure about that. Anyhow, this journal is for naturists, and mixes information on where to go to undress with information on the legal fights to get more such places, and photos of folks who feel that clothing is optional. Don't write 'em if you just want nudie pics -- these are not artificially-posed porno shots, but people who just happen to be wearing less clothes than normal.

Roldo tells me I can print this as his "farewell": "To Alsobrook-Renner: O! I am cut to the quick. Yes, I'm 'living in the past' and I'm staying there till the present arrives. I never did develop the taste for banal mediocrity that would allow me to be an '80s type of guy'. Who fuckin' asked you, jerk?" I think that's pretty much the last words I'm willing to print in this asinine shit-hurling exchange.

ELITIST ENNUI #21 (SASE from Alex McKale, 812 Clark #2B, Evanston, IL 60201): Originally just an apazine, this is becoming a small but interesting fanzine in its own right. Alex discusses anything and everything that strikes his fancy, and his observations on modern society tend to make me say "why didn't I think of that?" The high point of this issue was a reprint of a poster titled "What exactly is HETEROSEXUALITY? ...and what causes it?"

THE DUPLEX PLANET #57 (\$1.25 or \$6/6 issues from David B. Greenberger, PO Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866): Dave "writes" this zine by walking around a nursing home with a tape recorder and talking to the residents. He doesn't normally get any Great Insights out of it, but the conversation is entertaining and the points of view are usually ones we don't hear much of. Subjects range from the making of matches to fishing to poetry, and everything in between.

THE YOUNG LIBERTARIAN #2 (SASE (?) from David Bozeman, 5214 Palmetto Lane, Fayetteville, NC 28304): The "voice of the Libertarian Youth Movement", this is as yet just a one-pager expressing concerns over the draft and income taxes. There's something about being converted to the libertarian ideal while in school that makes one want to organize; this is the third proposal for a national libertarian youth organization that I've seen in the past year.

ED NORTON (75¢ from Aubrey H. Sparks, 438 24th East, Seattle, WA 98112): "A Journal of American Haiku", this is made up of small poems in big print with occasional graphics. A Sample: "How fast can we go?/I wonder as I watch him/Pressing the trigger"

SCIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE (\$2.50 from 897 Main St., Cambridge, MA 02139): Ostensibly an objective source of reports on science and society, this is in fact shot through with bias. The article on how statistics are abused in arms race propaganda is a marvel of statistical manipulation designed to show that the official story is all wet. The article about coverage of science in OMNI left me wondering if they'd ever read a copy.

TACTICS OF THE MLL #8 (Membership \$25 from PO Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801-1748; sample \$1): The MLL is the Movement of the Libertarian Left, an agorist journal dedicated to the proposition that anarcho-capitalism is the word of God. Present plans center on an attempt to recruit new members from college campuses this fall; the fate of the MLL turns on this project.



FACTSHEET FIVE Contest #5 has not attracted a whole lot of interest as yet. To recap, the contest being held is to determine the subject of contest #6. Just send me an appropriate question with answer (if possible), and wait for your prize after The Perfect Question. So far the leading entry is Nancy Lebovitz's "What color is a chameleon on a mirror?" The usual prize, a lifetime subscription to FF, is riding on this one.

DREAMSHORE 13 (\$1.50 or \$5/12 from 618 S. Mitchell, Bloomington, IN 47401): DREAMSHORE is a journal of the Sixties which has somehow snuck into the Eighties, where it sings its anachronistic siren song to distract us all. Mysticism, book reviews, song lyrics and short fiction make up a large part of the zine. To be fair, there are bits on the space shuttle and world peace which are clearly modern in flavour; overall, though, this zine is pleasantly nostalgic.

MINIFUNCTIONS 5 (25¢ & a stamp from Luke McGuff, PO Box 3680, Minneapolis, MN 55403): Six pages long and 4x5, this one contains three stories. Obviously they're short ones. It takes talent to say anything in this format; if you've got it, Luke wants your writings.

WALLPAPER Vol. 3 #2 (50¢ or \$4/year from PO Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08610): Reading this magazine, one gets the impression that a lot of agonizing effort goes into choosing the precise poem to put in each spot and how to integrate the illustrations with the articles. Actually, for all I know, they just pull it out of a hat, but I'd prefer to believe otherwise because the results look so crafted. Most of Wallpaper is words, arranged in various ways, some poetic, some prosaic, some none of the above. If you can't figure this out you can always read the Answer Grape's column.

COMMON SENSE Vol. XI #12 (\$8/year from PO Box 650051, Miami, FL 33165): This is the publication of the Libertarian Party of Dade County, but it's put together better than many other LP newsletters. Though a large amount of space is taken up with dreary ballot access news, there are also articles on the 'tax revolt', proposed sharing of census data with other agencies, and other odds and ends. Even if their solutions are all wet in some cases the problems are still important.

NOT AVAILABLE COMICS (25¢ each from Matt Feazell, Box 5803, Raleigh, NC 27650): NA seems to have at least 15 or 20 things available: what I have in hand are Cynicalman #10 and Cutegirl #21. Matt's artistic style is spare, which is well-suited to the Minicomics format (I know, I didn't say they were minicomics, but what do you expect for 25¢?) where the panels are about an inch square each. The story lines are at least moderately funny. On a laughs-per-buck basis these are hard to beat.

VILE PROPAGANDA #2 (SASE from Gatsby, 181 Union St., Poughkeepsie, NY 12601): At first glance this is just another punkzine: the same twisted layout, the same handwritten articles, the same xeroxed look. Then you begin to realize that the articles are not about music, but about things like the arms race and the brutalization of people by work and the good old video wasteland of TV. Good Lord, someone's taught this punk to think: Call out the National Guard at once! He's turning into a dangerous subversive right before our very eyes...

HOMESTEADERS NEWS #42 (\$1.75 or \$10/6 from Sherrie & Norm Lee, Naples, NY 14512): How does \$8300 for a new 1500 square foot home grab you? Well, this issue shows you how the HN people did it, complete with photos, by utilizing 'pole construction'. Once you build it, you can live inside with heat supplied by solar power, food from your own farm, and time to relax and enjoy 'the Good Life' and live happily ever after.

ST. PRIAPUS CHURCH NEWSLETTER 6/84 (Donation to 583 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94102): These are the folks who believe "Sex can Destroy Evil". They were missing for a while, because the Post Office got on their ass, but now they're back with their newsletter somewhat toned down. They view the Christian religion in a somewhat unique way, trying to trace its roots in genital-worship.

THE LIBERTARIAN DIGEST, June 1984 (\$2 or \$10/year from Fred Foldvary, 1920 Cedar St., Berkeley, CA 94709): Not a Readers Digest -style collection of condensed articles, but rather a series of summaries of what was covered in the major libertarian publications lately. Covers Reason, Inquiry, the Freeman, Against the Wall, and lots more. You can avoid subscribing to all of these by getting LD instead and then just picking up the issues that look interesting. Fred is looking for more reviewers.

FLIPSIDE #42 (\$5 cash or \$6 check/4 issues from PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608): A well-established punkzine, 64 pages of fine print for your money. The major emphasis is on interviews with bands in the LArea, but they also review records & fanzines and maintain a lively letter column, which branches out from the music into all sorts of social and political concerns. They've been running a great series on "What is 1984?" lately, which has been a lot more thoughtful and interesting than the "See, Orwell was wrong" articles in the Boston Glob.

THE DILLINGER RELIC 35 (\$1 from Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701): There used to be this huge fanzine called THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP, put out by Arthur. Then he decided he didn't want to work so hard, so he chopped down his mailing list, truncated the zine, and renamed it. Over the past several years, DR has gotten longer and longer, the mailing list has obviously grown, Arthur's not keeping it a secret anymore, and now he's even selling copies again. I suspect that the DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP has risen again. Anyhow, this is a zine comprised almost completely of smartass remarks, occasionally disguised as convention reports, book reviews and the like, and dedicated to the proposition that Reality is a crock. Try it, you'll like it.

SCHMOCK #2 (80¢ from Armin Hofmann, Bulerstr. 5, 7277 Wildberg 1, WEST GERMANY): This is a German hardcore punkzine, written in fairly good English. They cover the music scene in Germany, Spain, Norway, Finland, and Japan in this issue. I don't ever expect to hear any of the bands or records that they review, so I can't tell how good a job they are doing, but on the other hand I don't know anywhere else to look for information on these bands.

WORLD PEACE GAME (\$2 from Mycall Synanda, 605 SE 15th, Portland, OR 97214): Take selections from the work of Bucky Fuller, run them through a blender, salt lightly and add a few flavorings and you might come up with this 56-page pamphlet. The result is a series of basic ideas from which to start brainstorming new ways to save the earth. I suspect that this pamphlet alone would be of little help to such endeavors without a trained facilitator with a wide-reaching background.

MADNESS: #2 (\$1.50 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): This is sort of an apa of repulsive artwork. An exchange of posters among people who view the world through bizarrely-colored glasses. Still in an experimental, formative stage, MADNESS! might fizzle or become a constant source of spiritual derangement over the next year.

BANG! #3 (\$1.25 from Rocco Cipollone, 77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155): Covers the Boston music scene, concentrating on what's playing locally without too much regard for its particular genre, though they do seem to cover more experimental music than anything else. The record reviews are written with an eye towards being informative rather than automatically praising anything that sounds like two bobcats in a washing machine--in other words, they're a bit selective about what they like.

HERETIC'S JOURNAL, Vol. 4 #3 (\$1 or \$5/year from PO Box 12347, Seattle, WA 98111): I'm always suspicious of someone who likes Fritjof Capra, but editor Ron Hersey seems to have retained the ability to think even after reading THE TURNING POINT. I thought the best article in this issue was the one explaining just how nasty the US Labor Party (the LaRouchies) really is, but the stuff about the powers that be trying to regulate our food is pretty good too. Ron is looking for ways to fight back against Big Brother, but so far he hasn't run across any that look effective.

DISCUSSION BULLETIN #6 (\$3/6 issues from PO Box 1564, Grand Rapids, MI 49501): This is a very small apa devoted to discussion of De Leonism, which is some variety of socialism that I haven't quite grasped yet. Some of the members tolerate anarchists, though, so I figure it's worth trying to find out. Their major concern is with effective recruiting & organization in the workplace.

FREFANZINE #47 (Sample \$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford MA 02155): This, on the other hand, is a pretty healthy (about 100 pages) apa devoted to discussion of libertarianism & anarchy, with occasional forays into other political systems and constant discussion of things having nothing to do with politics. Mainly, Fref is a relaxing place to talk to folks who believe a change is needed, that more freedom would be desirable, and that discussing these ideas can be fun.

INSIDE JOKE #31 (\$1 from Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Sq. Sta., New York, NY 10159): This "newsletter of comedy and creativity" has been undergoing some changes lately. The bloated staff has been trimmed back to a reasonable level, and the emphasis inside is moving towards quality instead of quantity. There are some truly funny people writing for IJ these days, the layout is much cleaner than it used to, and all in all, you don't have any excuse not to risk a buck on this anymore. Where else could you find the story of the great war of cats against people?

THE CONNECTION #120 (Sample \$2 or \$10/8 issues from Erwin S. Strauss, 9850 Fairfax Square #232, Fairfax, VA 22031): This is sort of a cross between an apa and a fanzine. A lot more people read TC than write for it, but every subscriber has the right to appear in its pages. The typical issue consists of about 100 pages of micro-reduced print (smaller than this), with raging theoretical discussions of freedom, nuclear blackmail, economics, science fiction, and other subjects more or less remotely related to liberty and such stuff. The mudslinging gets pretty fierce at times, but I can't think of anywhere else to get a harebrained idea critiqued faster and more extensively.

INTERNATIONAL GRAFFITI TIMES Vol. 3 (\$1 or \$10/year from Box 299, Prince St. Sta., New York, NY 10012): I just ran across this recently and don't know quite what to make of it. Lots of pretty photographs of New York subway cars covered with elaborate paintings -- how do the artists get enough time to finish them? -- and various other bits of graffiti. Articles cover an exhibition by graffiti artists and the uses of graffiti in places like El Salvador and Chile to protest government actions.

REAL FUN #2 (\$1 or \$5/6 from Constant Cause, PO Box 15243, Philadelphia PA 19125): If you're lucky enough you'll be able to find a free copy in a book or music store. This is primarily a showcase for ads from off-the-wall publishers and record companies, but of course they have to have something in between. In this issue it's things like an article on Japanimation, a review of Kraftwerk, lots of comic strips, and a bit on the proper use of propaganda.

THUNDERBOW #79 (\$6/year from Church of Seven Arrows, 4385 Hoyt St. #201, Wheatridge, CO 80033): The Church of the Seven Arrows is a Universal Life Congregation with "Shamanic Traditions". They hold their own get-togethers and classes as well as being a good source of information on other neo-pagan events cross-country. Also included are articles on various magick ideas, from the I Ching to the care & feeding of quartz crystals to be used in rituals.

THE PLAIN TRUTH (Free from Pasadena CA 91109-9988): This is of course the house organ of the Worldwide Church of God, Herbie Armstrong's bunch, who believe we are living now in The Last Days and that they should alert everyone to this. Funny articles on biblical prophecy as it alerts us to volcanoes & terrorism.

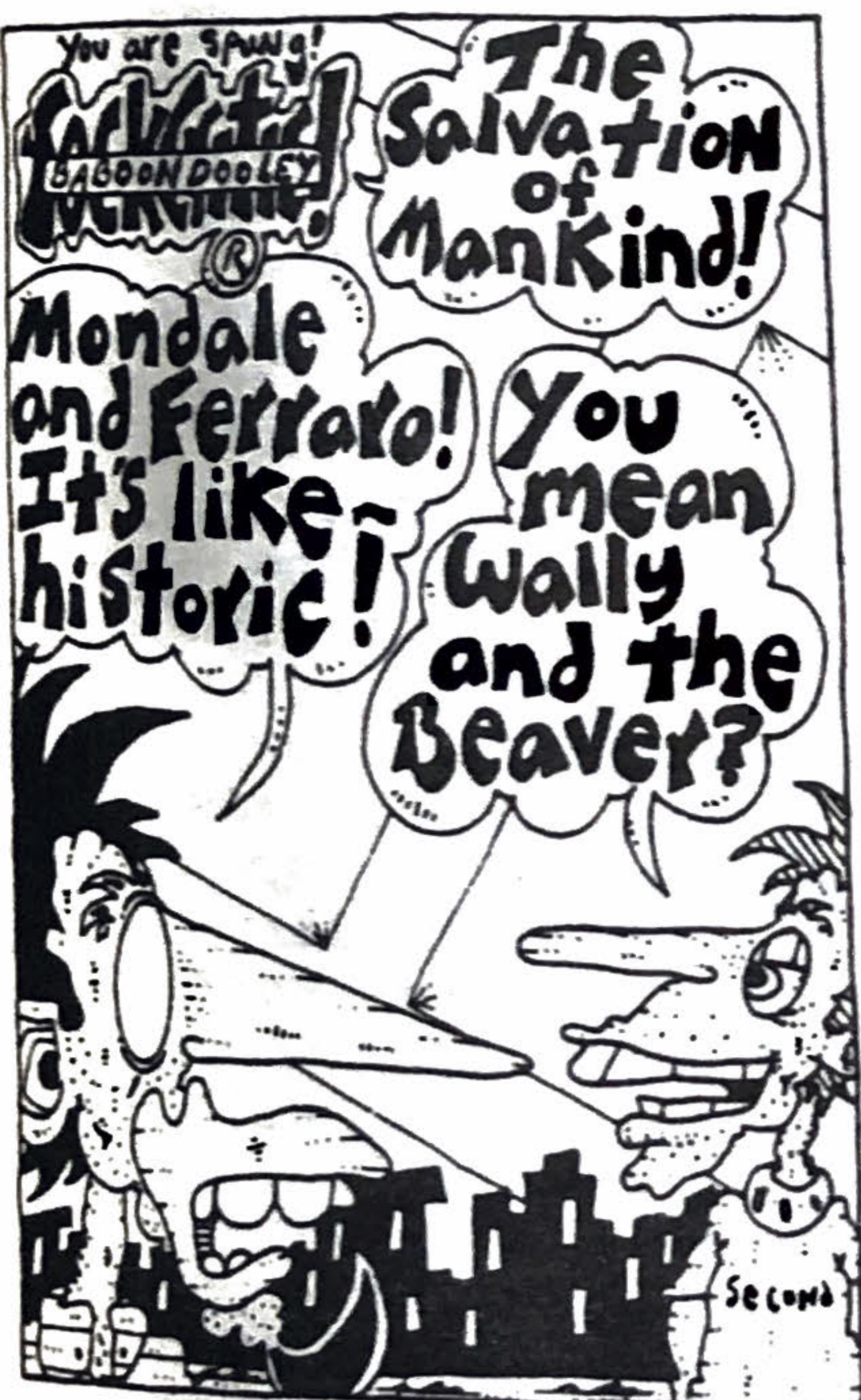
DISCORDIAN DIRECTORY (SASE (?) from Myrocosmus the Fifth, Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061): I lost my copies so I'm not positive about the cost, but this is a one-pager devoted to trying to get Discordians in touch with other Discordians and such dubious groups as the OTO. He even knows some folks that I don't.



by Robert Gillie

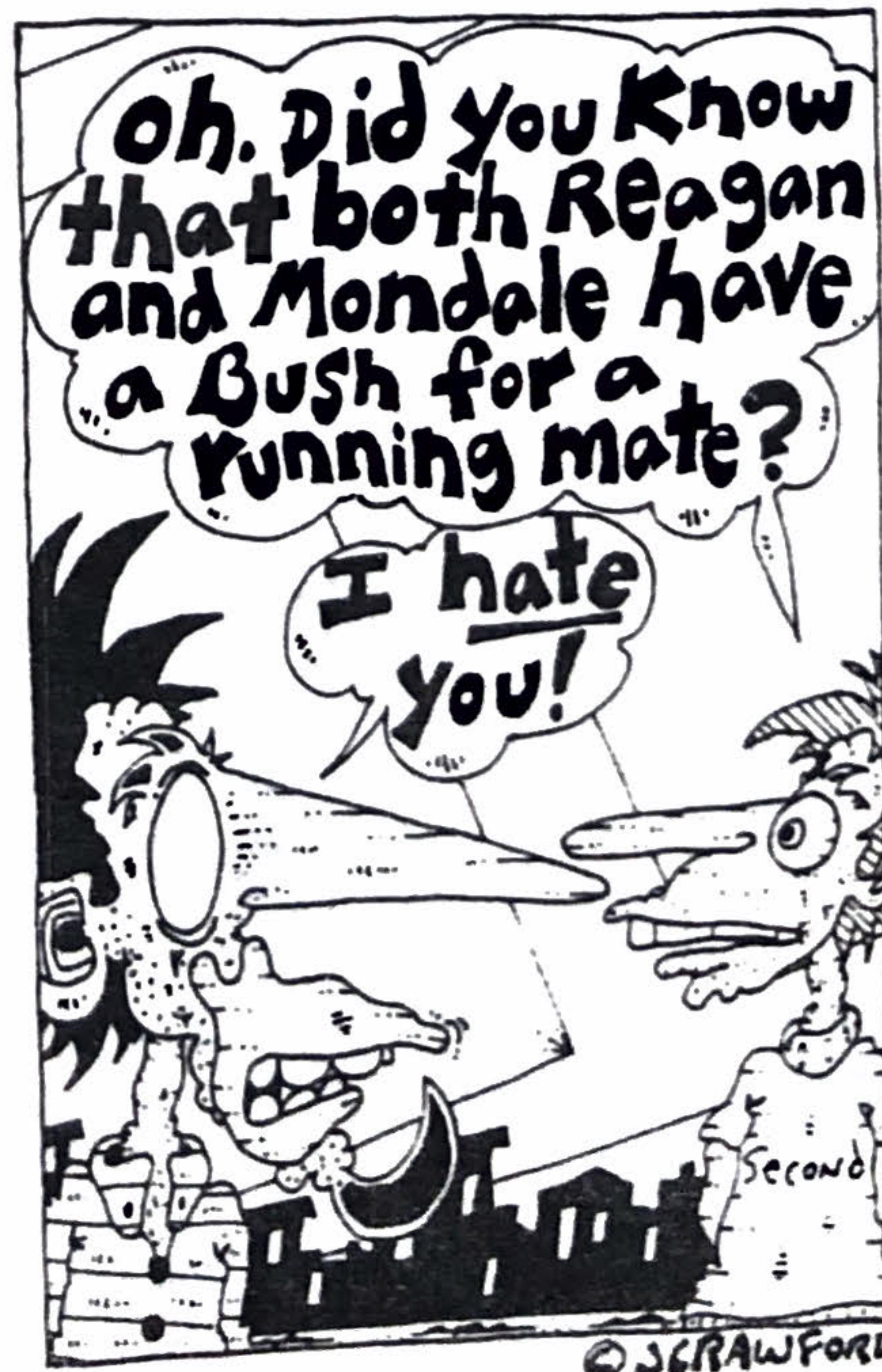
It does seem to me that Maia Cowan's few words on the subject are not necessarily The Last Ones (not that she intended them to be, I'm sure, and not that mine will be either, Gods forbid). As we know, not everyone paraded around the streets with joy, melting down statues of George the Third and writing rude things about the habits of British soldiers, when the colonies declared their independence. Many actually liked being the subjects of an overseas monarch and so went to Canada where they could continue being so, Canada being at that time a land untroubled by revolutionary fervour. Why was Canada different? A few reasons: Canada, after all, was under a different form of legal jurisdiction than the Thirteen Colonies. Those in the colonies had the illusion that they were free men, just as good as any Englishman, and thereby entitled to govern themselves. Canadians were free of such beliefs. In short, Canada was sanctuary for those who still believed in King and Country.

So naturally such individuals would hardly welcome the appearance of an army come to liberate them from the very situation they had sought out. The invasion by the Continental Army of Canada can perhaps be described as the prototype of many American adventures in foreign lands. In principle it was well-intentioned ("doesn't everyone want to be free?"); strategically it made sense, as Canada was home to a string of nasty looking forts as well as many tribes of unfriendly Injuns; practically speaking, it didn't work out so well.



Benedict Arnold (yes, him) led the invasion force. He was probably the best combat general the colonial forces had, and if it wasn't for running into both blizzards and hurricanes he might well have gotten to the city of Quebec before British reinforcements did, and history could've worked out quite differently. It's easy to say that there would have been problems with the Quebecois, but it's important to recall that the colonies had a sizeable population of Germans at independence, prompting Franklin to suggest that German be the official language of the US, I think. Later the French suggested a combined attack, but George Washington didn't trust them.

Anyone else care to add more to this bit of ongoing historical research? If no one else speaks up, I may mention the part played by the madman Ethan Allen in the invasion in question.



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PENNED IN

by Shane Williams

Camus said something to the effect that suicide is the major existential question. I interpret this to mean much the same as the old joke "the purpose of life is death". I don't think there are many amongst us who haven't contemplated it at one time or another. I know I have. But most of us are just plain and simply cowards. No falling on our own swords for us. Let's talk about a few who have had the courage to do so.

As you know this is a music column. There is already a triad of modern music figures who are as important to the history of new music as were the triad of Morrison, Hendrix and Joplin in their time. I don't think that anyone will argue that none of the 60's greats committed suicide. Much has been written to claim that they were self-destructive, but none were actively seeking dissolution at the time they passed on. This is in extreme contrast to the three I plan to talk about.

I'm speaking of Sid Vicious and two other, more obscure figures: Darby Crash, the singer for L.A.'s seminal punk band THE GERMS and Ian Curtis, the progenitor of a whole wave of gloomy post-punk bands in England, and a cult figure the world over, whose band JOY DIVISION went on to become NEW ORDER after his death. They are still a cult band but their music has become much more danceable and less ethereally gloomy.

I don't think many will need to be reminded as to who Sid Vicious was, the bassist of the SEX PISTOLS who single-handedly brought punk to the attention of the U.S. media. And you might even be familiar with his reason for killing himself with an overdose. Out of jail on bail after allegedly killing his girlfriend, he had gotten in yet more trouble fighting at a party and he knew he was heading for jail again. Whether he killed himself out of fear of prison or remorse for his dead lover, the fact is that he did O.D. on purpose.

So did Darby Crash. I personally witnessed him on stage only a few days before his death. He was exhorting the crowd and screaming at them that this was going to be the last GERMS concert, so they better act like they meant it -- "IT" being "punkness", being "rad". Some took this as an excuse for senseless violence, some just stood there in awe of a fellow mortal who had transcended the usual boundaries of performers and who was obviously undergoing personal catharsis and absolution right before our very eyes. Of course the cynical realized this reunion gig had been far more financially successful than Darby's latest self-titled band. We were sure there would be another concert for the bucks even if Darby despised half the present line-up. But that weekend Darby made a suicide pact with a friend, shooting up \$400 worth of heroin each. He died, she didn't.

Ian Curtis was even braver than they were. He was found hanging in his garage. His girl friend had left him. Nothing will ever speak as eloquently about the anguish of love as he does in "LOVE WILL TEAR US APART AGAIN". This wasn't the first gloomy love song that Ian had written -- but it was the most explicit. And for him death was preferable to living with a heart torn apart.

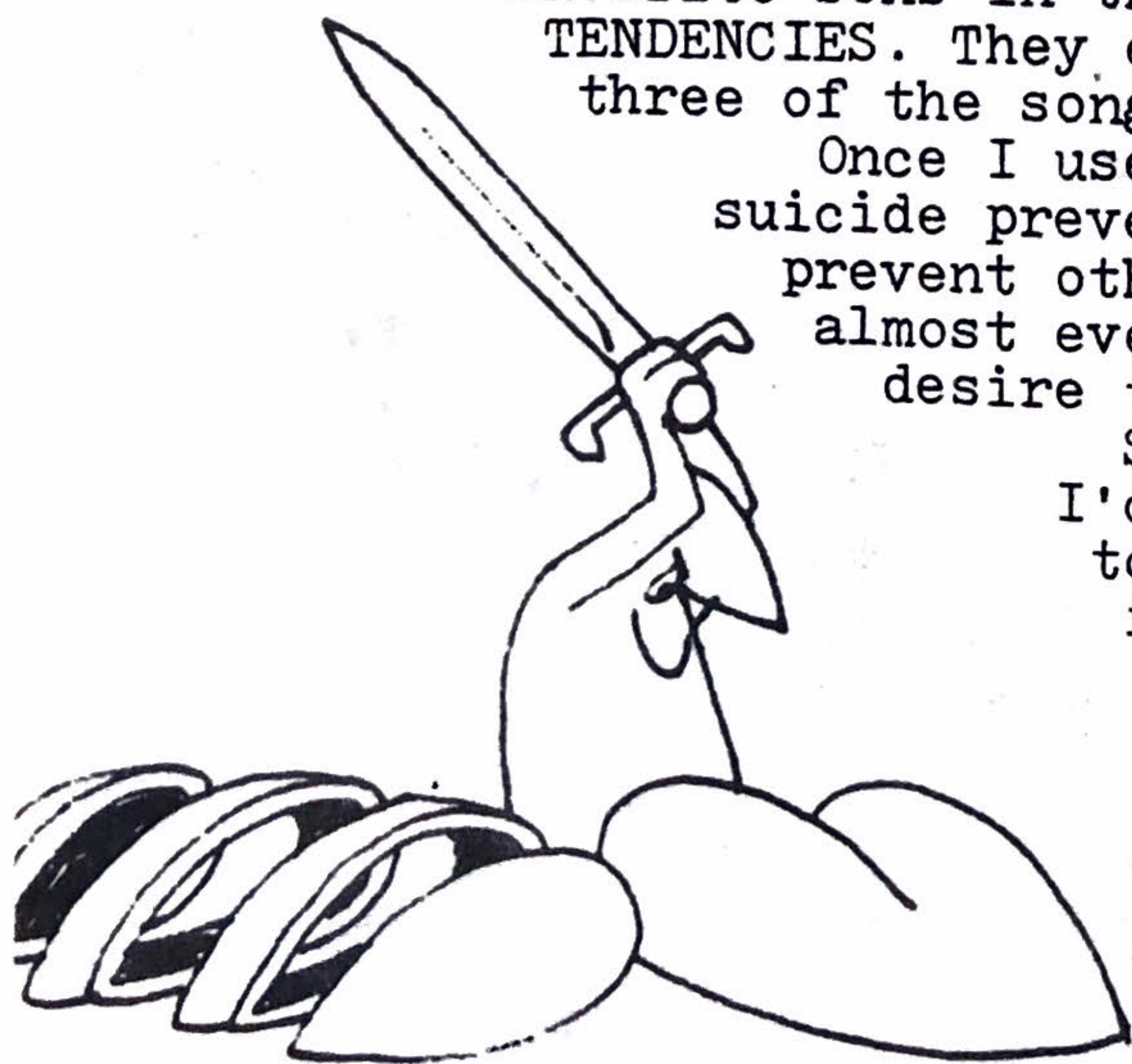
Before I even pretend to draw any conclusions let me add that L.A.'s favorite sons in the best punk band election were SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. They explicitly confront suicide in at least three of the songs on their album.

Once I used to write to a woman who worked at a suicide prevention center. Naturally her job was to prevent other people from taking this final step. In almost every letter she expressed to me her own desire to kill herself.

Surely all this must have some significance. I'd like to cop out and ask you not to ask me to provide it. But an even simpler cop-out is just to say times are so bad that more people are thinking about suicide than ever. And the most emotionally creative, on-the-edge people are actually going through with it.

Do I subscribe to this pessimistic outlook? Do I advocate suicide? In the transient words of 100 FLOWERS:

REJECT YOURSELF
TEAR OUT YOUR HEART
PUT IT ON THE PLATE
BURN IT!



BASEBALL. HOT DOGS. CAPTAIN AMERICA & ME...

by Robert Gillie

Spring has come and gone and the long hot summer surrounds me, whispering in my ear about how nice it must be down at the lake or up in the sunbrowned and sunbaked hills of Berkeley, watching the fog descend on San Francisco. Even though this is Northern California and they don't quite have summer down here yet, there are still enough days loaded with enough temptation to pull this Southern Californiano out the door and into a sunshine literally bursting with Vitamin A and Other Good Things. Not only that but the Mets are even doing well this year -- and it's after the All-Star game even. Truly a great summer.

But I push it all away from me: the sunshine, all those vitamins, that article about South African tribal homelands in today's Chronicle, all the nice mail that came today. The coffee is hot, there's even half-and-half in the fridge, and Bruce Springsteen is reminding me that you can't start a fire without a spark. I am completely immersed in popular culture and so ready to write another travelogue on the wonders of the comic world. The dining table is piled high with comics and some of them are even good.

Unfortunately, one of them is not as good as it used to be.

After a frankly incredible first year and twelve full issues' worth of dynamic, truly adult stories and sophisticated art -- both intriguing enough to hook even our crusty curmudgeon of an Aeditor -- Howard Chaykin's American Flagg has stumbled. The latest issue, #13, "Mother's Day", gives us the efforts of guest artists James Sherman and Rick Burchett. Looking at their work is more than enough to make me realize just how integral Chaykin's own artwork is to American Flagg -- to the whole vision of the shattered, dispirited, looted America of the next century he give us -- gritty, harsh, hard, unromantic -- different from our reality, and a lot like Hobbes' classic summation of life in the days before social contracts: "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short". The social contract has after all been broken in Flagg's America and the name of the game is ruthless profiteering and powerseeking -- survival, in other words.

This is not to say (getting back on the track) that Sherman and Burchett are not fine artists, for they are. But you go through the pages of "Mother's Day" and you search for those Chaykinesque touches -- the dense backgrounds, the distinctive care in portraying the characters, the creative shaping and placing of the panels and even of those little bubbles comics characters talk in -- but you search in vain, all in vain.

There's a lot of empty space on the pages. Characters don't look like themselves. Several times I had to look hard at characters before realizing who they were meant to be: Bill Windsor-Jones, for example, or Cyril Farid-Kahn, or Crystal Marakova. C.K. Blitz does not look well. Jules Fouchet's mohawk looks as though it were crafted out of some spaceage plastic, and even Raul does not look like himself -- which is difficult to do, because a small orange cat has a limited repertoire of facial expressions.

Take a look at the top of page ten, for example: No matter what Medea looked like before, she at least always looked female. But now? And those eyebrows! And Mandy Kreiger? Oh Mandy, what have they done to you? The firecely independent and fearsome Mandy Kreiger has become a valley girl under the hands of Sherman and Burchett. Oh my God.

So much of the special quality of American Flagg rests in the powerful visual image it puts forth, in its strong image of the future, of a different society and culture. Even though Chaykin continues to write the story, as long as his unique visual style is absent, the essence and power of Flagg are largely lost. As has been said a thousand times by Those Wiser Than Myself, comics are a visual medium. I can't think of a better example of the importance of the visual element in comics than comparing Chaykin's twelve issues of Flagg with this pale shadow of Flagg, seen through a glass dimly.

The grapevine tells me that Chaykin is just on vacation and will be back in a few issues. He certainly deserves it, and one waits in anticipation of his return. The use of guest artists may be an experiment or it may be due to financial concerns; if the former, well, it's interesting anyway;

scenes (the bane of comics everywhere). In the last issue, Hamilton cast Norbert into Limbo, where he met Nexus. What develops will be interesting to see, particularly if Hamilton's unsavory past catches up to him (yes, he was one of those Druids).

For example: Alexis Devin, a young American woman, becomes involved in the power struggles within the Japanese Yakuza. In order to survive, she dons the black suit of the ninja (an unusually tight and well-fitting suit indeed, but then this is a comic book) and falls back on her childhood training in the martial arts. She inadvertently ends up the object of a manhunt by her Japanese stepfather, who has sworn to kill her costumed persona in order to regain his honor (and save his own skin as well). Written by Steve Grant and drawn by Rich Larson, Whisper is exciting and not your typical martial arts comic -- the second issue doesn't even have a single picture of someone kicking someone else in the head or throwing shurikens at an oncoming horde of impassioned but silent ninja or ronin or whatever they are. Nice stuff; could even become good. Definite potential here, as in Capitol's other two titles.

But the sad thing here -- remember I said there was something sad here -- is that Capitol has suspended operations for an indefinite period. This means that they aren't printing anything anymore, mostly because they don't have money. Because of the lousy policy of flooding the market with cheap fourcolor fourth rate uninspired unimaginative material currently being practiced by the two Big Shots of the comics industry (you know who you are), little companies like Capitol are being crowded out of the market. This is sad enough in itself; what makes it even sadder is that so much creative potential is being wasted here.

So why review comics by a company that may very well go out of business completely by the time you read this? Well, to begin with, they're still good, and furthermore Capitol is currently negotiating like crazy so that the adventures of Nexus, the Badger, and Whisper can continue. Keep your fingers crossed and your eyes open, both for the old issues and for new ones, hopefully soon to come.

Moving right along, we come to MythAdventures, the latest offering from WaRP Graphics, the people who bring you Elfquest (not to be confused with Elvencrest, the epic multimedia presentation coming soon from Ackner Productions, Ltd.) (hint hint). Now I've never reviewed Elfquest, mostly because it probably wouldn't do much good. Either you like elves that ride around on wolves or you don't and that's about it.

But MythAdventures -- no elves in sight so far. Just good fun and uproarious entertainment for most of the family. Perhaps you've read Robert Asprin's series of books concerning Aahz and Skeeve, beginning with Another Fine Myth and going on for three more books so far. I never read any of them myself, but MythAdventures is an adaptation of these books and it is wonderful. Phil Foglio -- whose comics in TSR's Dragon used to be the only reason I looked at the thing -- draws the pictures and they are a joy to ponder, a wealth of delightful detail and a marvel at capturing classic one-of-a-kind emotional moments: Skeeve's first encounter with Aahz, Aahzcharming/intimidating Skeeve into being his apprentice, Skeeve learning magic the hard and fast way under Aahz's tutelage. The background and explanatory portions are well-done and well-integrated into the storyline. Though primarily a truly funny book, there is an ample amount of tension and excitement in MythAdventures, and the ending of #2 is a true cliff-hanger.

Speaking of funny books, there is an often hysterical funnybook that has just been picked up by Aardvark-Vanaheim (the good people who bring you Cerebus and other joys): Joshua Quagmire's Cutey Bunny. This is the continuing story of what happens when (in the words of the introduction to #1) "plain, mild-mannered, mousey corporal Kelly O'Hare rubs her ancient Egyptian amulet which she got from an ancient Egyptian bubble gum machine in downtown Cairo ... she is magically transformed into Cutey Bunny... (actually what happens is the cartoonist just draws her with a different costume... but don't tell anybody, okay?)". Nothing very serious ever happens to Kelly or to her friend Fatty Tubbins (aka AstroCat) -- they take the road to Peoria in one issue, and meet the Loch Ness monster in another -- but they do have a lot of fun. Puns galore. Satire, parody, bad jokes, sight gags and plain old funny animal fun.

An extra-added bonus is the secondary feature, telling the adventures of Space Gophers, Inc.: a romp through "the middle of the end of the now best forgotten Third Galactic Age" with our heroes (?) Al and Al, two renegade reprobate rodentoid interstellar traders. This one causes me great joy quite often; particularly vivid in my mind right now is a clever parody of the movie poster for Star Wars, with the caption: "Not so long ago, in a comic strip far, far (but not nearly) far enough away..."

Meanwhile, taking a brief look at comics reviewed in past columns:

if the latter, well, that's reality of course but I wish that First would have just stopped publishing Flagg until Chaykin got back. Irregardless, I certainly hope that Chaykin's particular vision returns soon. I want to see more of what he sees.

Moving on to another sad story, though one of a different shape, let us turn to the comics brought to us by Capitol Comics of Madison, Wisconsin: Nexus, Badger, and Whisper. These three show the great potential available in the medium, a potential so rearely developed in the Sunday color supplements or in the assembly-line-style productions of Marvel and DC.

For example: Five hundred years in the future, humanity has moved out into the galactic wilderness, encountering dozens of alien races and forging a sort of interstellar union called the Cohesive Web. On the fringes of the Web lives Horatio Hellpop, aka Nexus, a costumed vigilante-style superhero who hunts down mass murderers and obliterates them. Though possessed of vast and inexplicable power, Nexus is far from being your standard issue irresistable force. He has these dreams, you see...

And he doesn't always find it easy to kill, and he feels responsible for his actions, and the repercussions his actions have on others.

And he is surrounded by a wonderful cast of supporting players and by a complex, magnificent cosmos -- a cosmos in which all is not sweetness and light and technocratic utopia -- as might be expected by the very presence of mass murderers. There are ominous mentions made of Racial Purity Parties and of massacres of millions. Heads are severed from their bodies and their living minds used to power fusion devices through telekinesis. Like Reuben Flagg's 21st century America, Nexus' cosmos is a mixture of light and dark, fearfully made, and a place where good is not always triumphant. In Nexus' universe, the X-Men might not always defeat the Brotherhood of Evil Mutants.

Like American Flagg, Nexus is told with great sensitivity and great humor and wit. Writer Mike Baron has a real ear for convincing dialogue and for creating personality through speech patterns and use of language. And Steve Rude's artwork is overwhelmingly good. Devastating. Nexus is not just a comic that is printed in color either. It is a comic that uses color

and light and dark as a means of storytelling -- and to create moods and vivid images, as well as display the more pyrotechnic aspects of Nexus' vast powers. This is difficult to describe -- it just has to be seen.

For example: You'd have to be crazy to be a superhero, right? Wearing funny clothes. Getting bushwhacked all the time by other psychopaths in funny costumes. Frequent embarrassing situations, hard to explain to parents, railway officials, policemen, and other authority figures. A difficult personal life.

Norbert Sykes, aka the Badger, Vietnam vet, former mental patient, and self-employed superhero, is crazy. He likes dressing up in a tight suit and pulping Bad People. Hero and title character of Capitol's second effort, Badger (written by Mike Baron and drawn by Jeffrey Butler), Norbert is also the chauffeur and personal bodyguard of Hamilton Thorndyke, millionaire and 1500-year-old Druid. Hamilton is awesomely powerful in ways arcane, and just about as arrogant. But he is headed for trouble. Some people think Hamilton may be a menace to society, and they may be right.

Badger is fun and funny, though there are a lot of fight



22 the new issue of Spaced is out, and creators Stazer and Williams continue to entertain and amuse with their gentle science fiction parody. Marvel's New Mutants continues to be a source of excitement, if only for Bill Sienkiewicz's astounding and outstanding artwork. It will be interesting to see if any other artist will attempt to draw the extremely odd new character he has introduced to the book: a sentient biomachine by the name of Warlock, who more than anything else reminds me of one of Ralph Steadman's illustrations in Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.

And the latest issue of Cerebus, "Mind Game IV", is simply stunning. Each time I reread this comic I am more and more impressed with Dave Sim's accomplishment in turning this small grey furry creature into a profound Everyman figure. Drunker and drunker on a couch in the Regency, Cerebus' interior monologue is a classic of what is literally drunken honesty. The earthpig born has certainly come a long way, both from his barbarian days and from his days in high society. And the ending is simply a stunner; though we know the ending already in one sense, its surprise and humor are wry and wonderful.

So much for this summer's travelogue. When we meet again, it will be autumn -- basically just a name in California, but a term of more meaning in other parts of the country. I'll be back then with more reviews and news, but...as for now...I've got to brush my shoes and stand before a mirror, grab my coat and hat and let the wind catch my feet and send me flyin'...

The Wild Night is calling...

Self-Reliance Tips

from HOMESTEADERS NEWS
NAPLES, NY 14512

© 1983 by Norm Lee

BUILDING PASSIVE SOLAR

The sun is providing us with about 1000 Btu's of free energy per square foot every day, on the average. To live the Good Life we will be wise to put this energy to use at low cost. It is certainly unwise to build without incorporating the sun's orientation into the design and using its powerful energy. Passive solar design means nothing but the orientation itself; the builder's design uses the sun's warmth. Some say active is high-tech, passive is low-tech.

Since more heat is lost through air infiltration from outside than through insulated walls and ceilings, a continuous film vapor barrier which is sealed at all edges and door/window openings is without doubt the single most important feature of a properly insulated structure. Keep the number of doors and windows to a minimum; keep the number of windows which open to a minimum. A non-opening window is cheaper to buy, cheaper to install, cheaper to maintain, and can easily be 100% airtight. There are better ways to ventilate than with opening windows.

At least two layers of glazing material should be used for all windows. Orient rooms and walls to allow maximum southern window area and minimum or no north and west windows. A clerestory is an excellent way to get light and solar heat to the north side of the house.

Include insulating shutters for windows in your design plans. They can usually cut heat loss through windows by 400%. Shutters are an absolute necessity in a passive solar structure where large areas are glazed.

For estimating sun angles for shading overhangs on the south side, draw to scale your south wall including window height and space between glazing and roof. Use 30 degrees from the horizon for winter sun access, and 70 degrees for cutoff or shading in summer and fall.

As far back as the fourth century BC Socrates said "We should build the south side loftier to get winter Sun and the north side lower to keep out the cold winds." Since the energy crisis, builders are beginning to take his advice.

RECIPES FROM READERS

There was a time not long ago when to speak of "natural" food was redundant. Of course food is natural!



Not any more. Today we must choose between nature's (real) food and "junk" or artificial food. More and more people are realizing that they cannot be healthy and eat manufactured food. Here are some natural food recipes that are both tasty and healthful.

BREAKFAST: ENERGIZER (Thanks to Jeff Breakey)

- 1/2 cup unsweetened shredded coconut
- 1/2 cup sunflower seeds, soaked
- 10 raw almonds, soaked
- 1 tsp flax seed, soaked
- 1/2 cup raisins, soaked
- 1 ripe banana
- 2 soft dates

Cinnamon, coriander, allspice & ginger to taste.

Soak the first five ingredients overnight in one cup of water. Blend all ingredients together and add a sprinkling of spices if you like.

LUNCH: ZUCCHINI SOUP (Thanks to Jane Dwinell)

Saute 6 onions in 2 tbsp butter. Add 5 average zucchini, sliced. Simmer until soft. Blend in blender. Add salt, tamari, garlic, pepper or boullion cubes to taste. Chill and serve plain or with yogurt on top.

DINNER: VEGETABLE CASSEROLE A LA GRANDE (Thanks to Helen Nearing)

- 1 eggplant, cubed but unpeeled
- 1 young zucchini, chopped, unpeeled
- 2 tomatoes, sliced
- 1 green pepper, sliced
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 4 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 cup chopped parsley
- 1 tsp oregano or basil
- 1/2 cup olive oil

Arrange vegetables in layers. Mix together the minced garlic, parsley and oregano, and sprinkle the mixture over each layer. Sprinkle each layer with oil. Bake uncovered in a moderate oven 1 to 2 hours.

For a 16-page booklet of tasty & healthful natural food recipes, send \$1 for "BEST RECIPES FROM OUR READERS" to HOMESTEADERS NEWS, Naples, NY 14512. Please mention FACTSHEET FIVE when you write.

Ramblings

by Kerry Thornley

I do not approve of Rockefeller's "activation sociology" as I understand it. I consider it a vast improvement over central banking. I do not wish to be too harsh on progress, that's all. I don't see anything anarchistic about this so-called Anarchist Satanism, either. It appears to me rather high-handed, ruling-class oriented and authoritarian. At least a stalemate was broken and information was gathered towards making improvements. This is more than the Federal Reserve Board has ever accomplished.

New verse to THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE ERISTOCRATS:

Norton reigned in San Francisco

Far across the Bay

As we lived for his insanity

Let us live to make it pay:

Commercialize this song.

Grand (and Gory) old Discordja...

The supreme avatar of the Discordian society is Joshua A. Norton, only begotten son of Eris, conceived when she was raped in a masturbation fantasy by a former incarnation of Richard Nixon. Genealogies of Norton contrary to this one may be safely ignored; if they haven't caught on that Joseph's genealogy didn't make Jesus a son of David, since Joseph didn't supply any genes in the deal, they won't find anything they dig up about Norton also springing from Earthly parents worth asking questions about.

STARS ON ONE

by Anni Ackner

Religion, it should go without saying, but just about never does, is a personal and private affair, a quiet bond between the Believer and whatever form of deity in which he or she chooses to Believe (hereinafter "the Believee"). What shape or manner the Believee assumes in the mind of the Believer is also a personal and private affair which should not be subject to the scrutiny of an uncaring world, and I myself don't care if entire scads of people find happiness in worshipping the back bumper of a 1950 Studebaker on display in a show room in Duluth, as long as they don't ring my doorbell at 9 in the morning in an attempt to share their happiness with me. Public Displays of Religion tend to border strongly on the embarrassing -- conjuring up, as they do, images of candidates for the office of President of the United States with ill-fitting skull-caps bobbipinned to their sensor-perms, struggling valiantly with syllable-by-syllable translations of the Torah at meetings of the local ecumenical council -- and ought, it seems to me, to be avoided at all costs.

Having said that, however, I must admit, here and now, that I am a firm Believer in the counting of, and giving thanks for, Blessings. Without going too deeply into my own concept of the Almighty (which has something to do with a woman who looks suspiciously like my third grade speech teacher meticulously tossing darts at a board with my picture on it), I will tell you that every evening, before snuggling down into my little bed (normally some time after David Letterman and before 20 MINUTE WORKOUT), I make a habit of totting up and being duly appreciative of my share of the world's goodies. And what a generous portion of them I do have! Each night, for instance, before I lay me down to sleep, I thank the Almighty for not making the blue jays that live outside my window the size of B-1 bombers. I am, moreover, grateful that no one has come up with the idea of forming a third pro football league to fill in the two week stretch between the close of the NFL season and the opening of that belonging to the USFL, and I tell the Almighty so repeatedly. I praise the Almighty for her extreme good taste in not allowing Michael Jackson to move into the apartment directly beneath mine, I express my gratitude for her kindness in keeping the price of dinner at really good restaurants within semi-affordable limits and every night, again and again, I thank her most abjectly for not seeing fit to create me Nancy Reagan. But most of all -- oh, most of all -- I can never manage to thank the Almighty enough for giving me a Reading Public.

Ah, the Reading Public. What would I do without them? When I come home, sick and weary from a day spent trying to earn a living so I may continue my literary endeavours, who else comforts me with letters of encouragement and good cheer, even though not once has anyone thought to send money? When, in my excess, I accidentally go a trifle overboard, who is it that points out, gently but firmly, that I'm coming perilously close to sounding like Fran Leibowitz again? Who laughs at my witticisms, supports my complaints, cooks me chicken soup when I have a cold (well, all right, my mother usually does that, but I'm sure someone else would if I mentioned it) and applauds my flights of fancy? And who was it -- yes, Almighty, who was it -- that, when I said I wanted to write a little tease of ELFQUEST and FALCONCREST but no one in my immediate circle seemed interested, who was it that actually wrote to me and asked me to do the thing? Yeah, you know who you are. Stand up and be counted. Were the Powers That Be running this show you'd no doubt get 20 years to life for that last one but, because this is, after all, my column, I sentence you instead to

ELVENCREST

Opening Shot: The Luxury Suite at Bilbo Baggins Memorial Hospital. CUTER, scion of the most powerful dreamberry growing family in the entire Rudy Valley, son of SWEETROLL (who married his uncle's sister, JOYBUZZER, founded the bushes of ELVENCREST, and then had the good sense to die, leaving the estate jointly to his son and sister), lies paralyzed in his bed, the victim of a freak accident during which, in an attempt to wrestle a knife away from his deranged cousin, NYQUIL, he mistakenly stabbed himself in the back. The only one who can help him is his wife, the eminent healer CHEATAH, but, in a fit of remorse brought about by overshooting the mark and amputating the ears of their daughter, BURNOUT, during a routine nose job, she has vowed to give up healing forever, and is now engaged in research work, studying

the effects of merchandising on the Adorability Factor.
Enter CUTER's faithful servant, PEDALPUSHER, through a window.

PP: Hey, big High Thing, how's it hanging?
C: Aw, Pedalpusher, things are in an awful mess. I'm crippled for life, my wife is holed up in some lab somewhere dissecting Smurfs, my daughter has no ears, and I don't know who's harvesting the dreamberries or what's to become of Elvencrest.
PP: Yeah, it's heavy all right.
C: Well, at least I have the comfort of knowing that nothing else could possibly go wrong. I mean, what else could happen to me?

Enter WINDOWPANE, evil sister of SWEETROLL, even more evil aunt of CUTER, and truly rotten half-owner of ELVENCREST, dramatically, through a door.

WP: Cuter, darling, I just dropped by to tell you that your mother is dead.
C: Joybuzzer is...dead?
WP: Yes, sweetie, isn't it awful? Your wolf, Nightsoil, ate her because no one's fed him since your unfortunate mishap, so we had to shoot him. Isn't it a pity?
C: Nightsoil is dead, too?
WP: I know, I know, it's a terrible shame. Well, I didn't want you to hear the bad news from anyone else. I can just imagine what a shock it all must be to you, numbing your mind so much that we might have to have you declared incompetent, so I can control Elvencrest. Oh dear, how terrible that would be. (Laughs)
PP: Eat wrap stuff, bitch. (Attempts to spray her. She hits it with her hair. It falls, stunned.)
WP: Goodbye, dear. (Exits)

CUTER falls back upon the bed, moaning. Music swells. Cut to:

The Snow White County Jail. WINDOWPANE's son, TWOBIT, is being held for the murder of his second cousin on his mother's side, SHEFLIFE, and is having a pre-trial conference with his lawyer, the earnest but slightly crooked and more than a little dazed NOSEBLEED.

NB: In my considered opinion, our best shot is to go for the insanity plea.
TB: Insanity Plea? Don't bother me! Though murdering scum you say you see, a nut is something I'll never be.
NB: Twobit, sweetheart, you convinced that poor sucker that taking a bath in cactus juice was good for the complexion and then turned him loose in a barn full of zwoots that hadn't been fed in half a turn of the seasons. Besides which, you talk in rhymed couplets that don't even scan and you've obviously got a severe identity crisis. By you this is sane?
TB: You make me tired, you make me mad. Two aging slugs were your mom and dad. There's no one home inside your head -- I think I'll defend myself instead.
NB: Oh yeah? Do you have any idea at all how serious this charge is? You could get the Supreme Punishment for this one if you're not careful, baby.
TB: I'll stand or fall in my own due time. Let them make the punishment fit the crime. They'll execute or set me free -- it's really all the same to me.
NB: Ha, execution is the least they'll do to you. How does having Zack Gilligan play you in the Spielberg version strike you?

Stunned silence as the camera does a slow fade to:

The bushes of ELVENCREST. CUTER's best friend and right hand man, SKYCAP, and the foreman and head plantshaper of ELVENCREST, REDZINGER, are strolling through the fields, examining the harvest, overseeing the pickers, and chatting worriedly.

PICKERS (singing) (background):
SC: Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go...
You know, it's weird, Windowpane's just dropping by like that, with all those psychiatrists. She's just not into the friendship space, and those questions the shrinks were asking really invaded my personal sense of self.
RZ: Yeah, I can see where you're coming from. Why does Windowpane care if Cuter was more upset over the death of his mother or his wolf? She has a real negative relationship with everybody. It makes me feel sort of mentally abused.
SC: Honestly, the whole place is having bad karma since Cuter was hurt. There's Joybuzzer dead, and Twobit in jail, and Cheetah off inflicting

her moral judgements on a bunch of Smurfs...
 RZ: For sure. And it bothers me the way she's been in to that kind of Valium head recently. I mean, I'm the last one to say that a little good San Simiella won't help in the relaxation of left brain thinking, and the general mellowing out of the personality, but that Valium is bad medicine.
 SC: I'm hip. I get very evil vibes from the whole situation...

[Jump cut to ELVENCREST interior. CUTER's son, POPTOP -- who, unbeknownst to CUTER, is really the son of CHEATAH's ex-lover, RAYGUN -- is playing with his toy lodestone. Suddenly, it slips out of his hands and bounces up onto a nearby table. He goes to retrieve it and discovers his mother's bottle of Valium, conveniently left open. Thinking the pills are candy, he swallows them and immediately slips into a coma. Jump cut back to exterior.]

RZ: Well, at least the harvest is copacetic.

SC: Right on.

TURNPIKE, a worker, from under a bush, singing, drunkenly:
 Sallacadulla, michecaboola, bibbety bobbitty boo...

Fade out. Fade in to CUTER's private jet. The entire cast is assembled on board. They are carrying the remains of JOYBUZZER -- one earring, a tiny foot, and three or four yards of hair -- to be buried in the family's ancestral home, OZ. Suddenly, the pilot's voice comes over the intercom.

Pil: Live long and prosper, ladies and gentlemen. According to my calculations, we are about to hit a pocket of extreme turbulence. It would be wise to fashion your seatbelts accordingly.

CUTER starts up in his wheelchair.

C: Um, isn't that Mister Spock?

Pil: Correct, sir.

C: Oh well, I guess the point the writers are trying to make is that you've got long, pointed ears too and...

Pil: An illogical assumption, if I may say so. In actual fact, the writers have long since discovered that, among a certain segment of the population of science fiction "fans", any mention at all, no matter how forced, of STAR TREK is good for a cheap laugh and so...

At this point, the lights dim and the plane begins to drop noticeably. CHEATAH shrieks.

CH: High Ones save us! We're going down!

C: Windowpane! This is some more of your work!

WP: You really are incompetant. Do you think I want to die, with Elvencrest so nearly in my grasp?

TB: My mother's in it not, you know. It's just the producer of the show. The season's over, actors balk. It's nearly time for contract talks.

NB: Okay, which of you assholes asked for more money?

Pil: It is illogical to panic in this situation.

C: Sure, easy for you to say. If you die, William Shatner will just resurrect you for the sequel.

Everybody: HEEEEELLLLLPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!

Swell of music. Cut to commercial.

Well, you know the old proverb about being careful for what you wish, because you might conceivably get it. Don't say, after all, that you were not warned ahead of time. And please, if you have any particular complaint to make, try not to do it this evening. I'm due to have a little chat with the Almighty about this and that, and it isn't all that easy these days to get an appointment.

BOOKS

CODE OF THE LIFEMAKER, by James P. Hogan (Del Rey hc 1983): Did you ever consider that mutations might take place in a machine as well as in a biological system? Hogan did, and he came up with a society on Titan that is related to the land of the talking horses that Gulliver came across: it serves to point up the foibles of those who discover it. Hogan is one of the best writers of hard SF to come along in a long time. (AAAAA)

THE UTOPIAN VISION OF CHARLES FOURIER, ed. Jonathon Beecher & Richard Bienvenu (Beacon tpb 1972): Fourier was a visionary socialist and utopian thinker, but unfortunately most modern anthologies portray him as only an amusing madman (he was also an amusing madman). If you get interested in his ideas, do your best to hunt up this edition, which gives them a fair hearing. (AAAA)

THE TERROR ALLIANCE, by Jack D. Hunter (Leisure Books pb 1980): It is a measure of this book's qualities that I have completely forgotten the plot less than a week after reading it. Ah, I see from the blurbs that it concerns a plot to kill the President while he's giving a speech in Munich. The plot is foiled by the aging CIA agent who truly loves his country. Forget it, watch TV instead. (★)

THE WORLD IS MADE OF GLASS, by Morris West (Avon pb 1983): This is an attempt to expand one incident from Jung's journals into an entire novel. Lots of Deep Psychological Significance as both the good Doctor and his patient stand revealed as complete lunatics. Probably this should have stayed a single paragraph in a forgotten journal. (★★)

BLUE HIGHWAYS, by William Least Heat Moon (Fawcett Crest pb 1982): I didn't expect to like this travelogue of America's back roads. After all, the plain folk of the backwoods are hardly my best friends. But Moon writes with such an engaging style that this could have been a lawnmower repair manual and it still would have made the bestseller list. For once the American public has picked a winner. (★★★★)

THE MIKO, by Eric Van Lustbader (Villard tpb 1984): This is the sequel to THE NINJA, and it concerns the same larger-than-life characters. No one is likely to believe all the exploits of this super-martial-artist: burning poison out of his body, near-telepathy, and so on, but it doesn't really matter whether it's believable or not. Lustbader has the trappings of the genre down perfectly, and this book moves along just fine. (★★★½★)

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE, by David Morrell (St. Martin's hc 1984): A spy story supposedly based on conversations with real intelligence agents. If that's the case, they have quite a sense of humor, because this is about as realistic as a Mike Nomad comic strip. Morrell couldn't write his way out of a paper bag with a chainsaw -- he should have stuck to being a professor of American literature. (★)

CORONER, by Thomas T. Noguchi, MD (Simon & Schuster hc 1983): A book that seeks to cover up all the mistakes of LA's "coroner to the stars" by stating over and over that he's right and everyone else is out to get him. About as convincing as Dick Nixon's "I am not a crook". Don't look here for the truth behind the killings of Marilyn Monroe & Bobby Kennedy. (Ø)

THE JOURNEYER, by Gary Jennings (Atheneum hc 1984): A massive novel about Marco Polo, containing all the juicy parts he left out of his other works. You'll need the legendary explorer's stamina to finish this one, but it's worth the trouble. Jennings has the knack of making it sound like authentic history even when he's writing the most transparent horseshit. (★★★★)

BLACK HEART, by Eric Van Lustbader (Fawcett Crest pb 1983): Another epic about a martial-arts expert trying to track down the roots of an international conspiracy. I think Van Lustbader is in a rut, but it's a rut that keeps me reading his stuff. This one ostensibly focuses on the situation in Kampuchea, but it could have been set in Akron, Ohio for all the difference it made. (★★★)

THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL, by John Le Carré (Bantam pb 1984): A tale of a double agent in the modern world of terrorist politics. Le Carré is a master of characterization, and that's where the trouble in this book lies. I kept expecting the action to start any moment, and then suddenly I was at the end of the book, feeling cheated. (★★)

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, by Robert A. Heinlein (Berkley pb 1973): I happened to reread this recently because a friend was writing an analysis of it. Though it still works for me as great SF, I couldn't help but be struck by how dated the morality of Heinlein's future seems to me in light of the present. (★★★★★)

THE MAJOR WORKS, by Sir Thomas Browne (Penguin pb 1977): I was pleasantly surprised by this. I expected archaic religious ravings and instead found a quiet but firm religious faith expressed in elegant English. They don't write 'em with this style any more. I'm awed by the breadth of his studies as well as by the beauty of his prose. (★★★★★)

THE EARTH WILL SHAKE, by Robert Anton Wilson (Tarcher hc 1982): This is the first of another trilogy by the co-author of ILLUMINATUS: This time he's writing of Europe in the late 18th century, taking one innocent character and thrusting him into the morass of competing conspiracies and secret societies that existed at the time. Unless you're a Wilson fan, this one probably won't stand on its own, but for those of us interested in his model of the world, it's priceless. (★★★★½★)

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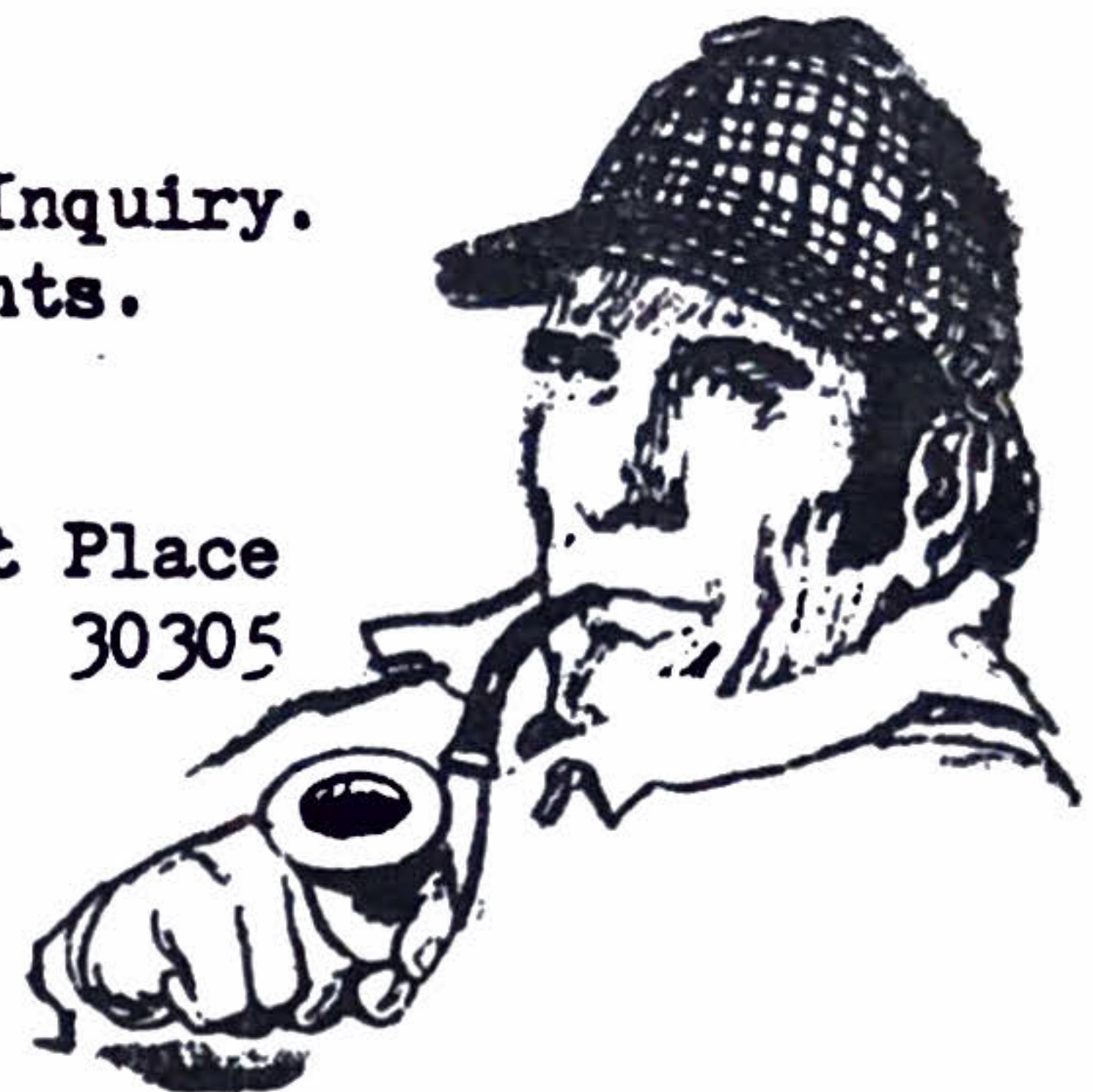
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